

Yours faithfully,
L. J. A. Holmgren.

A STORY OF
TWENTIETH CENTURY CHRISTIANITY.

The Road to Jericho.

BY

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“Brethren what of the Night?”

CONCORD, N. H.
THE FORUM OF CONSCIENCE AND LOVE.
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PREFACE.

Among the chief reasons for writing this book and placing it before the whole body of ministers, is to call their attention to the fact that as the indignation of righteousness, the fundamental anxiety to seize upon truth and justice was the mainspring of the Reformation, so there is still an irrepressible cry for truth and purity in life and the Church. Here, in the United States, religion is commingled with all the habits of the nation and all the feelings of patriotism, so that here religion, so far as its vital power is concerned, is individual and not a name or a creed, but purity of desire and deed, Christly love of God and man; religious truth being every man's property and right. For such reasons, we find that the American works on Moral Science are strongly espousing the maxim brought forth by a former president of Brown University, that every man is so created as instinctively to commit to the community of his fellowmen the protection of his rights and the redress of his wrongs; and his fellowmen, on the other hand, instinctively assume this authority.

Such authority and power must exert its influence even against the sins and errors of any organized society violating the social laws of man. Neither can we wonder at that, in our American Ethics, we are strongly reminded of that our Christian religion imposes upon every individual subjection to the civil power, as a matter of moral duty, on the ground that society is an ordinance of God. "Let every soul be in subjection to the higher powers: for there is no power but of God; and the powers that be are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power, withstandeth the ordinance of God. Wherefore, ye must needs be in subjection, not only because of the wrath, but also for conscience's sake."

When, therefore, years of private appeals to one, or two, or twenty men of any organized society, are futile, it becomes the duty of society as a whole to secure to each individual the enjoyment of rights already bestowed upon him by the Creator; each individual also having the right to exhibit what he believes to be the truth, and gain as many converts to his opinions as he can. At this juncture, we read in the Practical Ethics of Dr. Francis Wayland:

“If he succeed in changing the opinions of his fellow-citizens, they will agree with him. If he, however, is unable to do this, and cannot contend by force, what then shall he do? I see no other course open for him than to do whatever he believes to be right, dispassionately and boldly, and suffer the consequences. These may be suffering even to martyrdom; but if he suffer in the cause of right, he may in this manner do more to change the minds of men than by the most convincing argument. Persecution is apt to react powerfully upon the persecutor. Thus it was said in early days, ‘The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church.’ It is from just such martyrdoms that the greatest and most important improvements in society have originated.”

In submitting this work to the judgment of “society,” the editor indulges the hope that the hurried efforts and labors bestowed upon it, in the midst of anguish and persecutions, may answer the purposes for which it is intended.

C. J. A. H.


CONCORD, N. H., March, 1909.

If obedience to the will of God be necessary to happiness, and knowledge of his will necessary to obedience, I know not how he that withholds this knowledge, or delays it, can be said to love his neighbor as himself. He that voluntarily continues in ignorance is guilty of all the crimes which that ignorance produces; as to him that should extinguish the tapers of a lighthouse might be justly imputed the calamities of shipwrecks. Christianity is the highest perfection of humanity; and as no man is good but as he wishes the good of others, no man can be good in the highest degree who wishes not to others the largest measure of the greatest good.

DR. JOHNSON.

We see then that in so far as wicked men are by their wickedness miserable, benevolence renders it our duty to reclaim them. And to such benevolence the highest rewards are promised. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever." But this is not all. If we love our Father in Heaven, it must pain us to see His children violating His just and holy laws, abusing His goodness, rendering not only themselves, but also His other children miserable, and exposing themselves and others to His eternal displeasure. The love of God would prompt us to check these evils, and to teach our brethren to serve and love and reverence our common Father, and to become his obedient children, both now and forever. . . . The more hateful to us is the conduct of those whom we love, the more zealous will be our endeavors to bring them back to virtue. . . . It would be easy to show that the improvement of the moral character of our fellowmen is also the surest method of promoting their physical, intellectual and social happiness.

DR. WAYLAND.



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THE ROAD TO JERICHO.

CHAPTER I.

I am a voice of that life where darkness and terror reign. I am the despairing cry of those who remain below and who have sent me to herald their pain. They also long to rise to self-respect, to light and freedom.

GORKY.

THE ARENA.

In *The Arena*, with reference to the blacklisting-slavery of our days, Mr. W. J. Strong, counsel for F. R. Ketcham, who obtained a verdict for \$21,666.33 against the C. & N. W. R. R. Co., asserts:

If a man who quits the employ of another can not get work in his occupation without first obtaining the consent of his former employer he becomes a slave. He will not dare to resist any oppression his employer may see fit to impose upon him. His wages may be cut to the starvation point. He may be called upon to work extra hours, yet he dares not complain, and he knows that he can not leave and get employment elsewhere. If he protests, his employer will say: "Very well, if you don't like it you can quit." The man having a wife and children to support will bow in submission, knowing that his master has him in his power and that he cannot leave and get employment elsewhere without the consent of his employer. This is slavery pure and simple. This blacklisting system is also being adopted in nearly all branches of corporate employment. It is one of the growing evils of the present era of combinations and trusts, menacing the liberty of a large class of our citizens. How long will it be before the laboring masses of the country, having become the helpless tools of these mighty masters, will do their bidding in the elective franchise? We shall then have a government of corporations, by corporations, and for corporations. The wage-earner who feels his little children tug at his coat-tails for bread will fear to assert his manhood and resist oppression. Can a republic made up of such citizens long endure? Blacklisting is the chief agency in fostering anarchy. It destroys manhood in citizens and makes them slaves. There must be a change. The love of liberty is too deeply rooted in the hearts of Americans long to tolerate this dangerous abuse. It is particularly against public policy because when men cannot find work they become public charges, if not criminals.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

In the September number of the *American Magazine*, with reference to the reasons for the falling off in number of students for the ministry, a Western minister affirms:

Occasionally a superintendent is of narrow calibre, autocratic, abusing the authority entrusted him. Whom he will he puts forward, whom he dislikes he puts down and out. Not only does he hold absolute sway in his own state, but a postal to another superintendent can prevent any blacklisted man from getting a charge or hearing in that state. Many good men have thus been driven out of the ministry. Great good may result from an earnest minister's work, but he will pay dearly for his fidelity to duty. The powers that be may *blacklist* him as an unsafe man. Many of his fellow ministers, who never raised a disturbance or anything else worth mentioning, will "knock" him and look at him out of the corner of their eyes half in pity, half in blame. The startling decline in the number of students for the ministry is causing alarm in all branches of the church. Statistics show that of American farmers, 90 per cent. come from farmers' families; of lawyers, 40; doctors, 30; bankers, 42; ministers, only 8 per cent.

DECORATION DAY.

Forsooth, this is not the first time "the Church," wearing the name of Jesus, is making a poor estimate of the rights of man. On Decoration Day our heart bows down in grief over the silent forms of 300,000 men, concerning whose sufferings and dyings, it is deplorably alleged:

Especially should the pulpit and the Church scatter flowers on the graves of the Union dead, for these awful battles and this awful carnage were planned by the blindness and weakness of religion. The pulpit was too weak or ignorant to oppose slavery in its beginning.

As when the sanctuary is the tutelary saint and an *amicus usque ad astra* of a heinous wrong, the sword and the battlefield must come, the church is told on Decoration Day to bless the soldiers for having by their blood atoned for the cowardice of the sanctuary, why, then, should not the still available printing press be commissioned to affix the wholesome gaze of publicity on the doings of scribes, transforming the 20th century church into an institution for merely increasing their own market value, etc., grievously deadening the influence of religion as a champion of civilization? For even here, Wendell Phillips' assertion is true, that only by continual oversight can the Democrat in office, the hand entrusted with power, be prevented from hardening into a despot.

In the history of England we read that in 1807 the gaslight was tried in London, "and soon the cheerful blaze chased away forever the tumultuous vagabonds who were wont, in the darkness, to insult, to plunder, and to kill." So, in another sense, already in the twilight of the 15th century was dawning the great invention that was to be so fatal to the dominion of the priestly bigot, and so efficient

for breaking up separate centers of intrigues, etc.; the press, to our best knowledge, being the means by which, in the figurative speech of the millennium, the worker of iniquity is to be cowed, so that, under the Argus eyes of publicity, the coarse-grained Cain and the fine-grained Abel decently may live and dwell together.

And as it is becoming an established fact, that, as in the case of the good Samaritan mentioned in the Scripture, by nature some individuals are of a benevolent and scrupulous disposition, while others are disposed to be regardless of the welfare of others, just as there are mild, good-natured horses, while others are ill-natured; and as the Spirit, the powerful restraint, may be withdrawn from any individual, even ministers of less goodness of nature, why, then, should not, as for instance a *Monitor* was built to turn the tide in our Civil War, an expedient bureau and publication be established to turn the tide in our present social skirmishes preceding the coming national crisis, such use of the printing craft to be governed by the maxim:

Let us raise the fallen wherever we can, but without forgetting to protect those who are adapted to support others in return. Let us help the helpers first. They are of the greatest value in the economy of the social world. Let us foster genius, especially the genius for doing good.

THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.

Chesterton, one of the best known and popular critics of England, alleges that in the world, as it is today, it is obvious and beyond all discussion, that success goes not with merit, and that those triumph who ought not to triumph.

Experto crede, what has been the line of action in regard to the ever-hopeful and for the welfare of the people ever struggling, Rev. E. A. Fogelstrom of the Lutheran Augustana Synod? When weighed down with overwork, "unduly laid upon him," this warm-hearted founder of the Immanuel Deaconess Institute and Hospital of Omaha, Neb., had retreated to Thorsby, Ala., to recuperate, did not two men, one of whom became, and still is, his successor as to office and standing, on an ostensibly friendly visit, induce him away from his wife; afterwards persuading her, and causing to be published that he was incurably insane, "in a mild form."

Was an up-to-date, impartial investigation as to his real condition and needs conceded to him? Nay, were the doors to his own so beloved hospital and institution kept ajar to its noble-spirited founder? Or, unconcerned to his high order of sentiment and intensity of feeling, did not self-opinioned individuals, lacking the more delicate shad-

ings of sensibility Fogelstrom, as a genius, possesses, exercise exclusive discretion over this whole-souled meek Christian brother, to deliver him unsuspectingly to a rival institution, and into the hands of a Church against whom the Lutherans are constantly militating, and in regard to which, from his childhood days, he has listened to stories enough to make one's flesh creep? When subsequently he succeeded in escaping from this to him vexatious asylum, was he not then subjected to be examined by a physician who, on account of age and debility, by Fogelstrom had been removed from the staff of consulting physicians of the hospital Fogelstrom presided over; and by the aid of this jilted physician having locked him up in the state asylum of Lincoln, Neb., was not the Douglas County Court, without even seeing the man, called upon to declare him insane, though he had never been examined by a regular insanity board? And this, though a physician states, that if he were unscrupulous enough to want to get rid of his wife, he could lock her up in an asylum, merely by asking some "broke" member of the staff of his town to testify to her dementia, which he can claim is not so readily fathomed by any one but himself, who has a more intimate knowledge as to her strange acts; he at the same time promising to do his "broke" brother a turn at some other time.

In advocating more rigid laws to govern commitment to State Hospitals, Dr. E. O. Crossman, the chairman of the standing committee on the insane of the state of New Hampshire, asserts:

Certainly any person who is suspected of being insane is entitled to a thorough medical examination by the best physician in the vicinity, who has standing, character and professional knowledge of insanity satisfactory to the judge of probate or a judge of the Superior or Supreme Court of New Hampshire. . . . A full statement should be made regarding the patient's physical and mental condition, together with a history of any prior disease or injury, also a report of what the patient said and did in the presence of the medical examiners.

The superintendent of the state hospital should within two days after the admission or commitment of an insane person send notice of said commitment by mail, postage prepaid, to each of said relatives not exceeding five, and to any other person whom the person committed shall designate.

Such and other things are in accord with the commitment laws of Massachusetts and New York and are none too rigid.

"IN PERILS AMONG FALSE BRETHREN."

Recently released from his "prisons," and broken down from such tantalizing experiences, enough to frighten a man out of his senses, and at present appealing to the Synod for an impartial investiga-

tion and redress, was Fogelstrom, at the Synod's meeting last summer, met with the consideration it behooves disciples of Christ to manifest? Or, was his imprisonment, as he claims, merely a move to give the "kidnapper," his successor, the president of the Nebraska Conference, the office and the place or home Fogelstrom had founded and loved so intensely? And, if so, why can not everything be settled in a brotherly spirit and with due regard for the wronged man's feelings or deep sense?

Withal, is not the heartrending appeals in his printed circular, "In Perils among False Brethren," met with disheartening contempt, a circular evidently printed after the pattern of my own round robins? Now, if the Church were to throw into the insane asylums those who excel in the higher and finer manifestations of humanity, and those who are merely oversensitive and nervous from overwork, what would then become of our great improvements, and of the higher manifestations of humanity? All honor to the dark-skinned people of the coarse-grained virile texture; they are needed. Yet, we need also purity and goodness in its more delicate shadings, though so often abused and misunderstood by the strong characters of the coarse-grained type.

Are we forgetful of that he who does injustice must make right—here or hereafter? "There being a law that follows him, and seizes him at last and thrusts him into prison, where the uttermost farthing must be paid. This is true, or there is no balance in the universe."

UNBIASED TESTIMONIES.

That Fogelstrom was in possession of his faculties at the time he was induced away from his wife is beyond a doubt from the many testimonies rendered by unbiased parties such as Messrs. Ames Altman, J. F. Peterson, etc. Nay, the well-known founder of Thorsby, Mr. T. T. Thorson, testifies as follows:

THORSBY, ALA., Janaury 20, 1908.

To all it may concern:

This will certify that I have been well acquainted with Rev. E. A. Fogelstrom the last twenty or more years, during which time I have had a great deal of important business transactions with him. These started when we together laid the foundation of the now prosperous settlement of Wausa, Neb., and then I first gained my confidence in his ability. More complete plans, as years and experience have provided, were prepared together with him for the benefit of our Lutheran Church just at the time Fogelstrom was so suddenly induced away from Thorsby, April 21, 1906 (by two men), and our project interfered with. *All the time* I have been acquainted with Fogelstrom I have found him

to be possessed of sound mind and common sense. His useful plans should have all encouragement, as they are valuable and he is able to complete them if not interfered with. It has been proven so many things have been done by him that seemingly were impossible for even the most favored men. He has conceived many useful things for the Church and the people, and at the same time sacrificed a great deal for himself. I have always found Fogelstrom faithful and a true servant of the Church. He is gifted with a wonderful foresight and has a powerful enthusiasm so far above the average man that they cannot grasp the first part of his deep and far-reaching plans. He is one of the greatest promoters. I have not found his equal. He is continually straining himself in order to do the most good for his people.

Respectfully,

T. THORSON.

This letter from Mr. Thorson cannot but remind us of how Robert Fulton, on account of his steamboat ideas, was mocked: "Poor fellow, what a pity he is crazy!" The above closing remark, that Fogelstrom is straining himself to do the most good for others, is also strikingly verified by, for instance, the circumstance that when my third supplement to "A Battle for Life" was sent to the ministers of the Synod, he was the very first to assuage and comfort, in the following letter:

WAHOO, NEB., November 14, 1908.

By dear Brother C. J. A. Holmgren:

The peace of Christ in all your anguish!

Yesterday, I received and read your circular with reference to your sufferings. Though at present unable to render any assistance, I will nevertheless write and remind you of I Peter 4:12-19. And let me tell you this is nothing strange in our days of apostasy. I have for thirty-five years faithfully and incessantly labored, so that through my efforts, under God, the Nebraska Conference now owns \$250,000 in real estate; and it cannot be but a most bitter infliction to be subjected to such persecutions as my printed pamphlet discloses. But such things happen nowadays in the Augustana Synod, all because of the royal Swedish envy. Our poor Synod is indeed apostatized.

As to the straits in the New York Conference, I can certainly sympathize with you; and I know that many of its missionaries have had a hard struggle to get their small salaries in time.

Being now unable to sufficiently provide for myself, I deplore my incapacity to render you and others the aid that would otherwise be forthcoming. Are we to get our rights, it must be prayed for, and down upon, us. Should I succeed in this, in behalf of myself and family, then it may be possible for me to do something for you and other brethren in distress. Having lost \$10,000 on the Deaconess Institution of Omaha, and being involved in debts, nay, without a home of my own, my first duty is to endeavor to retrieve from my own losses and injuries sustained.

Having for thirty-five years as faithfully as any one served the Synod, it is heartrending to bear with what is referred to on pages 150-152 of the last synodical records, all on account of the influences exerted by the puppet popes

in the Advisory Board of the Synod. What a shocking wrong and injustice! God is certainly aware of the many injustices I and others have had to submit to during the past thirty years. If repentance and confession of sins and forgiveness do not intervene such will cause more ill turns than they are willing to believe. God help us all and His wounded Church in these and the coming days of anti-Christ! This the supplications of your poor fellow-sufferer. Though it is bitter to be wronged, such is, however, better than to commit the wrong, a truth I am often repeating to myself. Leaving to you as golden text Rev. 3:10-11, I am yours fraternally,

E. A. FOGELSTROM.

THE EXPRESS LAW OF GOD.

Though Fogelstrom had just written and published a splendid article on Prayer, and though, for instance, during his first Sunday at the State Asylum of Lincoln, Neb., he was permitted to go out and preach the sermon in the Augustana Synod church of that city, and just as this little book or pamphlet was to be printed, a loving letter came from one of the recently ordained uninitiated ministers, asserting: "This Fogelstrom is clearly not accountable for his actions and doings; and cannot be taken into consideration."

The word "clearly" may, of course, have reference to the circumstance that prevailed upon by *the unexpected appearance* of my previous circulars, or affronted by the circumstance that Fogelstrom's labors cannot be overlooked because of the \$250,000 of real estate he has procured for the Conference, the ministerial bosses have advised the Synod to allow him \$1,200 a year.

Nevertheless, his own statements in the printed round robin, "In Perils among False Brethren," do not only bring to view that he is a heavy loser of property, etc., but that the way in which he has been evicted and handled is deleterious to the future welfare of the Synod and its labors among the newcomers to our shores, and requires another adjustment and reconciliation than that, for instance, at its last meeting the Synod still leaves the man under the continuous discretion of the ones he is appealing against, and whom he calls his kidnappers; the Synod even deciding that if the directors of the institution, built by Fogelstrom, see fit to place the man under a guardian, they have a right to do so. But, even if the Synod considers Rev. Lindberg, the successor of Fogelstrom, a holy, sinless man, Fogelstrom, nevertheless, considers this president of the institute to be deficient in the organ of conscientiousness, and for such reasons the mind, the nerves, of Fogelstrom must be harrowed by the thought that he is hopelessly in the very claws of his enemy, against whom he has appealed to the brethren for protection. If, therefore,

his mind should have weakened on account of the previous experiences, how could the brethren expect that this man should improve under such cruel conditions?

Withal, should we judge from Fogelstrom's message of whole-souled sympathy, love, sanity and purity, and should the author, of this, judge from his own experiences made in the past, this word, *clearly* tallies with the word *express*, when in 1743 the Church of Scotland solemnly declared that "the penal statutes against witches has been repealed by the Parliament contrary to the '*express*' law of God." It being due to the great lawyers of that time the credit of first stemming the foul torrent, it is, indeed, singular that the constitution of the Augustana Synod debars a lawyer from partaking in the proceedings of this nature, while the Synod's advisory board seems to be powerful enough to grant a clique of chums full liberty to deal with a brother in the same style as the Privy Council of Scotland was in the habit of granting commissions to resident gentlemen and ministers to examine, and afterwards to try and execute, witches all over the land; multitudes being burnt in every part of the kingdom, under these commissions, and under a régime in which the printing press and the revival of letters had not advanced far enough in influence so as to clear away the bulk of barbarous superstructures which had been raised on the foundation of the Gospel.

CHAPTER II.

I am become foolish in glorying. Ye have compelled me, for I ought to have been commended by you, for in nothing was I behind the very chiefest of apostles, though I am nothing.

ST. PAUL.

TO YOUR TENTS, O ISRAEL!

If, according to his printed round robin, "In Perils among False Brethren," this genial man of prayer is thus ignominiously treated or victimized and handled out of tune with his sensibility and purity of character, what a manifestation as to the "Church" making a poor estimate of the rights of man!

In juxtaposition to this "skeleton" in the closet, our present introspection merges intrinsically into exploitations as to what flag the 20th century church unfurls, when prevailed upon to amend with reference to individuals having not concentrated time and energies on a single large institution capable of depriving coarse-grained antagonists of their chances of entirely depreciating and disparaging; it being, as a matter of course, comparatively easy to set at naught those whose strenuous labors, and the results thereof, can not be taken in at one single glance.

Thirty years ago, the author of this treatise was commissioned by his father to go to America to pursue and finish the preparations for becoming an expert mechanical engineer. The groans of suffering mankind finally induced him to make America his home, and to aid its citizens in rallying its friends and opposing its enemies.

Not satisfied with patching up a few holes rent by the brute in man, he wished to strike at the very root of the evil, and to follow Gladstone's hint: "My only hope for the world is bringing the human mind in contact with Divine revelation."

To this end, in 1887, he was finally induced to enter the college and seminary of the Lutheran Augustana Synod at Rock Island, Ill., to prepare for entering the ministry.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

Having graduated from this institute of learning and having faithfully and successfully labored as pastor in the service of the Synod, he, too, finds himself at last succumbing as the victim of ministerial con-

spirators and blacklisters in a plot to ruin him, to get him out of the way, these enemies working in the dark; the world being also ever prompt to believe ill rather than good of a man. And though the author of this is innocent of the charge of insanity and of undue lack of tact brought against him, the bosses of the sanctuary, the Sanhedrim, consider it necessary to put him in the public pillory, to set him up as a warning to others of my class not to act in accordance with the principles of truth and justice, and not to rely on that success goes with merit.

As in the story "The Lion and the Mouse" it is said of John Ryder, the millionaire, so it may be justly said of these ecclesiastical leaders:

John Ryder had not been equipped by nature with a conscience. He had no sense of right, or wrong, or justice where his own interests were concerned. He was the prince of egoists. On the other hand, he possesses qualities which, with some people, count as virtues. He was pious and regular in his attendance at church, and, while he had done but little for charity, he was known to have encouraged the giving of alms by the members of, etc.

With Judge Rossmore's daughter, in this same play, we may here repeat:

In the barbaric ages they fought for possession, but they fought openly. The feudal barons fought for what they stole, but it was a fair fight. They didn't strike in the dark. At least they gave a man a chance for his life. But when you modern barons don't like legislation you destroy it. When a competitor outbids you you squeeze him out of existence. You have no hearts; you are machines, and you are cowards, for you fight unfairly.

But, to use the words in the same story, "Can such things be in a civilized country? Cannot they be exposed? Won't the press take the matter up? Cannot we show conspiracy?" "It sounds easy, but it isn't. I have had a heap of experience with the law, my child, and I know what I am talking about. They're too clever to be caught tripping. They've covered up their tracks well; be sure of that. As to the newspapers—when did you ever hear of them championing a man when he's down?"

Though certain newspapers know too well what kind of leaders there are in the church, where, for instance, hegemonical blacklisters are influential enough to exempt a deacon or paramount parish leader from the common preliminary studies, and lift him into the ministry and a fat charge merely as recompensation for having sided with the wrong side, regardless of the sufferings of their victims, they would not give a downtrodden victim or "witch" a chance to reveal that in every case where the people are not hoodwinked or subjected to intimidations and threats, such witch would be awarded commenda-

tions tallying with the one rendered the author years ago while laboring at Mt. Jewett, Pa.:

Here in Mt. Jewett the Augustana Synod is represented by a large and flourishing congregation, and the eloquent pastor has proven himself to be a most successful man in this field, and finds his services attended by people far and near.

Here is another one from Gardner, Mass., July, 1908:

(Extract from the Swedish New England Weekly, *Skandinavia*.)

Last Sunday, as a thunderbolt from a clear sky, the news spread around Gardner that Pastor C. J. A. Holmgren had handed in his resignation. At evening services the church was filled with people, when Rev. Holmgren delivered a touching farewell sermon. He had chosen as his text the words of Jesus, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Soul-stirring were the words, and tears were visible in the eyes of both sides, the pastor and the congregation. Nay, it came so unexpected, and in these eleven months Rev. Holmgren has occupied the pulpit on Sundays he has made himself exceedingly loved. The wish was entertained to have the beloved pastor move to Gardner, and we are convinced that he would have liked to come. But we think that the straitened circumstances into which he has been led, and perhaps other causes we do not know of, have driven him to take such a step, as we know for sure that Rev. Holmgren loved our congregation, our town and people. Whatever it has been that forced Pastor Holmgren to such decision, we deeply deplore it, and we are sorry for those who are at the bottom of it all. As an excellent preacher and splendid orator, he always had a good audience, and if he had come to this place and been afforded an opportunity to labor among us our future would certainly have been a bright one. And that the people and the congregation are perturbed is the most moderate expression that can be used; and what steps the congregation will take at the meeting to be held at 7.30 p. m. on Tuesday, July 28, is hard to tell. At all events, the correspondent extends his hearty thanks to Pastor Holmgren for all his good will he has shown towards us here in Gardner. Perchance it may be arranged so that, after all, we may secure him for our place. If not, we all join in extending our thanks to Rev. Holmgren for faithful watch and service. And do never forget that here in Gardner you have hundreds of people who wish you success.

A few of such testimonials of the character of my labors are already printed in some of the previous circulars mailed to the whole body of nearly 600 ministers of the Augustana Synod, testimonials not only bearing by-plays to the fact that even what Christ did found no favor with the Pharisees and self-conceited, while the poor and those in distress had no complaints whatever to bring forth against their friend, but that, for instance in Minnesota, where the prerequisites needed to fill a clergyman's calling were granted, and after

five years' service in that state, the testimonials conceded from that field of labor were such that Rev. Sjolinder of Tracy, Minn., writes:

From the testimonials awarded, it is manifest that your services here were irreproachable, and to the satisfaction of the people and the congregation, so that, in contradistinction to all rumors whatever, you are in possession of splendid testimonials from here. I trust that these will be of service to you in your afflictions and distress.

CHAPTER III.

Many good works have I shewed you from the Father. For which of those do ye stone me?—JESUS CHRIST.

THE ORIGIN OF THE FIRST CIRCULARS.

Having already, since 1900, appealed to the ministerial bosses for a human treatment, gradually I became aware that private appeals were slighted, the doors of the Synod's official paper also being shut to an inevitable investigation. By the aid of relatives and friends I therefore started to print my first circular, "For a Worthy Cause," dated September 1, 1906, and forwarded it to the parties more directly concerned, in order to suavisly undertake a clement embryonic research as to the statement of Dr. G. Nelsenius, the president of the New York Conference, averring me to be without a single friend in the ministry, he also stating:

You know, Holmgren, that I cannot do anything for you, as you have against you all the conference officials from the time you served at Newport.

Withal, in spite of all my entreaties, all these years I have been tabooed from a chance to regain a position and income somewhat equivalent to the one I was induced to abandon in 1899. Nay, having in the matters of support and destiny delivered myself up to the sole discretion and good will of these ministerial bosses, merely since my arrival at Concord, 1902, I have been dispossessed of about \$6,000, when considering my former income as pastor in Minnesota, 1899, or about \$4,000 when considering the average income of the fifteen pastors of the Boston District; or over \$2,000 when considering the salary of my Concord successor, Rev. Norden, whose income, however, is the smallest granted pastors on the mission field. Still, Norden's family consists merely of a wife and adopted daughter, all able to work for themselves, while I have five minors to provide for, besides a wife, flagging under the incessant ravages since 1899, when, overwhelmed by obsecrations and entreaties of the president of the New York Conference, Doctor Ahlquist, this exceptionally good woman's faith in the universal "angeldom" of the ministry was great enough to overcome my hesitations to leave Minnesota by reminding me of the fate of Jonas, disobedient to the call to go to Nineveh.

From the fall, 1906, to the fall, 1908, after deducting the railroad expenses for my travels to the respective congregations, such as Gard-

ner, etc., served by me on Sundays, etc., my income from this has been an average of \$17 a month, while Norden's salary has been \$50 a month from his congregation, according to the salary the Concord parish is accustomed to grant its pastors, and which salary they would have been giving me if granted the same moral and financial support Norden is assisted to. During this time Norden is recorded as receiving from the Conference treasury \$300 a year, except the first year, when he got only \$200. Notwithstanding my greater need of such assistance from the mission treasury, not a cent has been granted me during this time Norden has been in Concord, except that Rev. Linell of Gardner told me that God will reward me for assisting him and his parish at Gardner.

Notwithstanding all excuses to the contrary, it would be an easy matter to prove that it depends upon the brethren in the ministry if a pastor is to receive anything from the mission board of a conference. Nay, though even Rev. J. Alf. Anderson of Brockton, Mass., a former vice-president of the New York Conference, while, according to the reports from the brethren, he had expressed his wonder how I could get along and sustain myself in Concord, wrote to Frank Lindquist, the leader of the Concord parish at that time, 1902, that the Conference was too poor to grant me more than \$75 a year from the mission board, still such letters could not keep this Mr. Lindquist, now at Lowell, Mass., from writing the following letter to Doctor Nelsenius, the present president of the Conference :

It seems to me that Pastor Holmgren has not received a just treatment by his brethren in the ministry, as with the family he is obliged to provide for, the conference ought to be in duty bound to grant him the same support awarded other ministers laboring on the mission field. It seems to me that when a congregation with about sixty-five communicants gives its pastor \$600 a year, the conference ought to add a couple hundred, and with less than \$800 a year it is difficult for a pastor with family (even under ordinary circumstances) to get along in Concord.

All this, though none of these brethren has spent as many years as I have of strenuous labors to prepare myself for my calling in life; and though, in spite of the many obstacles placed in my way, I am in possession of the finest testimonials and certificates, not only as a graduate from schools, but also from my labors as pastor, and in such places where I have reason to think that none of these leaders would have been able to persevere as I have done.

Still my appeals for mercy have been met with cold contempt, while, for instance, Rev. Norden has been assisted not only to become my successor in 1906, but now on the verge of moving again, to

calls from East and West, and in the month of May of this year is to move to a parish in Wisconsin, he evidently having been here in Concord to assist Aslev *et comp.*, of the ministerial leaders, to remove every prestige of appearance that I had been abused by the blacklisters, he, for instance, even telling my milkman, the farmer I am owing about \$200, that the treatment I have received is justifiable.

Nevertheless, an investigation would show that during Rev. Norden's labors at Concord there has been a corroboration of the statement once made by the former Manchester pastor and Minnesota Conference official, Rev. A. Carlson, that there would not be much of a congregation at Concord if the song-leader, Frank Lindquist, were away. Evidently to accommodate the plans or wishes of Rev. Aslev of Lowell, Mass., in 1904 this Lindquist moved to Lowell; and in March, 1906, the Concord deacons wrote to the pastors of the Boston District that the welfare of the congregation demanded my removal from the place and that Pastor Aslev (his name being used as a Judas kiss) may defer to render a more thorough-going account of the real facts.

Still, in those very days there was a steady progression, so that I had been able to reduce the debt of the congregation to almost nothing, though, on account of a letter from Doctor Nelsenius, the records of the Synod do not give me the credit for it; just as, for instance, the about 50 new communicants received to my charge in Minnesota during the first nine months of 1899 were not recorded in the Synod's records, owing to the failure of the Minnesota Conference's vice-president, Rev. L. G. Almen, to fulfil his promise that at my departure from Minnesota in September, 1899, as the acting pastor of my vacated charge, he would see to it that these accessions would be reported to the statistician in order to grant me that commendation from those, my years in Minnesota.

So, even here in Concord, the communicant number was increasing, it having almost doubled during my ministry. Yea, even after I had been "declared" as not accountable for my actions, March, 1906, I kept on taking in new good members, which goes to show that all that was needed was that the Conference president would tell Rev. Aslev and chums to tend to their own business and to leave me alone, and thus to show that I was granted the moral and financial support needed to fill my calling as minister. Such procedure would have been the proper thing instead of refusing to grant me the \$200 the congregation had petitioned for, to which petition, however, Doctor Nelsenius replied:

The Conference refused to grant the petition from the Concord congregation for aid from the mission treasury this year because it has come to the knowledge of the Conference that you cannot labor any longer at that place to any blessing. The whole Conference seems to know that there are matters of dispute between you and the congregation, yea, that the congregation entertains a deplorably bitter feeling against you.

Still, "these matters of dispute" were in the main caused by Doctor Nelsenius himself, as he wrote to me that the funds of about \$600 I had collected among my American friends ought to be used for a parsonage, as the donators had intended it, and not to pay off the church debt, as the parish leaders wanted. And as to the "bitter feeling" he said was entertained against me because I kept taking in new members, Doctor Nelsenius himself wrote to me that while I wait for a call to another congregation I ought to build up the Concord parish as much as possible, and, as I had done so all the time, I thought his advice to me meant that I should add more members to the fold, in spite of that one of the parish leaders had told me that the people ought to come themselves and ask to be admitted, and not the pastor to ask them. Furthermore, as to the bitter feeling against me for having recorded the members I took in the first Sunday in January, 1906, Doctor Nelsenius wrote to me that he had written to the parish leaders that they ought to be happy that so many additions were made to the fold, he at the same time stating that those members received on that same Sunday could be taken in when I send in my report to the statistician before the Conference meet in April, and that they could be included when this report was to be printed.

On the top of it all, when, at a meeting of eighteen of these Concord leaders and chums, I had been "voted" out from the parish, the president of the Boston District, Rev. J. A. Bernhard, was quick to publish in the papers of the Synod the degrading news that I had been discharged by the Concord congregation; he at the same time mentioning how good and merciful the brethren of the district had been towards a destitute brother, etc.; another of the pastors of the district also publishing that the Concord parish has a bright future in store; owing to the fact that Rev. Norden is to take charge of the Concord parish. But now, when Norden is to depart, after leaving the parish in a debt of about \$3,000, and after the Synod has lost a comparatively good hold on the people, the president of the Boston District, in his recently published report this year, is now silent with reference to the Concord details, which leads me to ask why he could not have employed the same tactics when I was leaving, something that compelled me to state in the third supplement:

When our Synod sends out missionaries among heathens in Asia, etc., and when, though our church edifice in Concord was plenty big enough even before Norden came here, the ministerial bosses permit this my successor *et comp.* not only to spend the several hundred dollars I had collected from our American friends, but also to erect an almost new edifice, or preposterously enlarging the church, thereby unnecessarily involving the congregation in a debt of about \$3,000, evidently with the understanding that the bosses would gradually make the other congregations of the Synod pay for it, thus there being plenty of money for flowers, shows, etc., every right-minded person who investigates the pros and cons will think that the Synod must have money to burn and also a heart of stone to be so extravagant and still permit its hard-working missionary, as in my case, to fare hundred per cent. worse than its missionary in heathen lands.

The people are, indeed, not blind to such things; and there is no wonder that, for instance, a prominent member of the Concord parish could aver that I would have received a call, and the protection needed, long ago, if the ministers were not arrayed against me, and that "when ministers are such, how can anybody expect the people to be better?"

Nay, the parish owners or leaders of Concord have shown me a good deal more consideration than the ministerial bosses have. In 1904, when I perceived that for some reasons, personal or other interests, they wanted me to give room to another preacher, as is often the case in our small parishes, especially when skulking, envious brethren are at the bottom of the movement, I told these parish leaders that if they gave me one year to accommodate myself to their cherished wishes, within that time I would do all I could to secure a call from another parish.

On the strength of such promise, I was given liberty to develop the congregation and to increase its membership, at the same time laboring hard to coax the brethren, especially conference presidents, to grant me another call. Evidently on account of the blacklisting ringleaders, my appeals were, however, in vain, except that I received a call from the Illinois Conference to go to Munising, Mich., at a salary of \$700 a year, in regard to which Rev. Linder, now president of the Illinois Conference, wrote to me, that he did not wonder that I refused to accept that call, he claiming that the Conference offers an unmarried pastor a salary of \$1,000 a year.

This Linder also wrote that the Ishpheming District, of which he was the president, had requested that the conference officials renew the call to me at a salary of \$1,000 a year. The officials refused to do this, they afterward informing me that from my letter of refusal they understood that I was played out on account of the unnatural

strain I had been subjected to from having worked as book agent, etc., day and night to keep the wolf from my door; especially as, during the operations on my wife and oldest son, I had had an almost super-human task to keep the blacklisters at bay from smothering me. But how could any ministerial board expect that, no matter how strong or healthy a man otherwise would be, he could recuperate and get over such temporary break-downs, if they withhold from him a chance to live as the average man?

Who, then, can justly wonder that I am kept in suspense; and that I am appealing to the bosses for a human treatment? When, some time ago, I asked a certain concern for employment in their service, and they replied that they would at once discharge a man, in order to give room for me, who can wonder that I shuddered at the thought of needlessly taking another man's work, when so many thousands are idle and facing even starvation; and while the Synod cannot find men enough to fill the vacant parishes?

The president of the Minnesota Conference recently published that thirty pastors are needed in that conference; and in the Synod's paper in March, 1909, Rev. Andeer of South Dakota, says that he is trying to get two pastors where he is located, each pastor to receive a salary of \$900 a year, besides a parsonage for each (not to mention the many gifts *in natura*, etc., such places generally bestow on a pastor).

Though, for instance, Rev. M. J. Lonner writes me that I ought to secure some kind of employment outside of the ministry, and that none of the brethren cares to know anything of my experiences in life, still, in conformity with the stand I am compelled to take, I may here also refer to what took place some twenty-three years ago, while I was still preparing for mechanical engineering.

Already at that time I had been strongly reminded of the truth of my pious mother's assertion, that a preacher's mission on the conscience of man is the only consummate and radical remedy, while the almsgiver, the policeman, etc., can merely mend a few holes or rents slain by malice and envy on a writhing, bleeding humanity.

One Sunday in 1886, I asked one of the pastors of the New York Conference to follow me to a certain home in Brooklyn, N. Y., where the husband had threatened to plunge a knife through his wife. The good pastor replied, however, that he had had enough umbrellas broken on his back already, and that such a woman has to stand the consequences of having married such a husband.

When, in the evening, I arrived at this home, I found that the husband had received a stroke of paralysis. Though a short time ago, as

thanks for my admonitions, etc., he had given me a black eye, I was now overfilled with joy to learn that the good work had made its impression on his heart. Stretched out on his bed he begged me to take his hand, whereupon he said, among other things: "Holmgren, I know that there is a bright future in store for you in the mechanical profession; but, believe me, the world is in need of such men as you as ministers of the Gospel."

Indeed, if I had followed my father's wish, under ordinary circumstances, at this time I would have been a well-to-do, respected member of the community. But having acceded to my mother's wish to sympathize with suffering mankind, even to the extent of becoming a preacher, who, according to St. John 18 :37, knows that Heaven counts witnessing to the truth the most important, I find that cruel persecutors and blacklisters of the ministry are not only envious and malicious enough to deprive me of my God-given calling, but even, when I am no longer able to alone carry the burden laid upon me, they are ruthlessly withholding from me the redress needed to defray expenses and losses caused by their inhuman and unchristian acts, and which expenses, in good faith and trust in the brotherhood of man and ministers, my noble human creditors during the last nine years have advanced.

Nay, as Christ under arrest, poor and defenseless, I stand an easy prey to conspiracies and efforts to render me so black and vile, so hateful, that the influence of this book, etc., as disinfectant of the sanctuary is to be weakened and annulled, I being unable to secure even a lawyer to ward off the attempts of these bosses to secure my scalp, which they seem bound to have.

However, who can justly wonder that I am endeavoring to secure a fair trial and a human treatment, that behooves a brotherhood of ministers and teachers in morals and religion?

Is this a spirit of brotherhood, when, for instance, some years ago, the president of the College of the New York Conference, Dr. Beck, authorizingly and reassuringly "whispered" in the willing ear of a New Sweden, Me., leader, that I have had troubles wherever I have been? Who can wonder that such "eloquent" whispers, together with instigating letters from other "brethren," such as the now deceased Aaron, did reassure the New Sweden leaders and their coarse-grained followers, that I did not even dare to say that my soul was my own, and that, having "no friend among the ministers," I would not dare to complain! Yea, the blacklisters' influence at that place was so great that, for instance, when the members had promised to give me \$100, at the same time stipulating that I should speak well of them

and they of me, such peaceable finale was craftily annulled by a deacon with whom the hegemonical blacklisters stood in touch.

These blacklisting teachers in morals and religion are forgetful of the rules of ethics, by which we are forbidden to lessen the estimation in which others are held, by any means by which they are brought in contempt. We may here refer to the assertions made by the former president of Brown University, Dr. Wayland:

No man can be respected by those to whom he is the frequent subject of ridicule and scorn. It is a mean excuse for conduct of this sort, to plead that we do not mean any harm. What *do* we mean? Surely, reasonable beings should be prepared to answer this question. Were the witty calumniator to stand concealed, and hear himself made the subject of remarks precisely similar to those in which he indulges respecting others, he would have a very definite conception of what *others mean*. Let him, then, carry the lesson home to his own bosom.

Nor is this evil the less for the veil under which it is frequently and hypocritically hidden. Men and women propagate slander under the cover of secrecy, supposing that by uttering it under this injunction the guilt is of course removed. But it is not so. The simple question is this: Does my duty to God or to man require me to publish this which will injure another? If it does, publish it wherever that duty requires, and do it fearlessly. If it does not, it is just as great guilt to publish it to one as to another. We are bound, in all such cases, to ask ourselves the question, Am I under obligation to tell this fact to this person? If not, I am under the contrary obligation to be silent. And still more. This injunction of secrecy is generally nothing better than the mere dictate of cowardice. We wish to gratify our love of detraction, but are afraid of the consequences to ourselves. We, therefore, converse under this injunction that the injury to another may be done without impunity. And, hence, it is that in this manner the vilest and most injurious calumnies are generally circulated.

Deprived of the needed moral and financial backing, it was, therefore, no wonder that in 1902, after two winters of hard labors at that place, New Sweden, Me., I was discharged and thrown to the dogs on the strength of such preposterous charges as the following letters expose:

A TRUE STATEMENT.

To whom it may concern:

With pleasure I do make this statement, and consider myself duty bound to do so in favor of truth and justice, after witnessing a performance of the most unjust and cruel treatment of a Christian brother, that I can conceive, by the deacons of the Lutheran Church of this town. The greatest curse on this earth and in this life, is scandal-mongers. These evil disposed creatures have set in circulation a rumor that the Rev. C. J. A. Holmgren, the pastor of the Lutheran Church of this town, has, for the purpose of gain, unlawfully and criminally milked my cows, thereby committing an act

unbecoming a neighbor, a Christian and a minister of the Gospel. A meeting was held by the deacons of said church, Friday afternoon, January 24, to investigate this matter. I should blush to give the proceedings of the manner in which said meeting was conducted, and the venom and unchristian language used in connection with the absurd and childish charges preferred against their pastor. All I do wish to state is the plain, unvarnished truth in connection with this affair, and this I am most able to give, as I think myself the most interested. It is as follows: In the summer of 1901, the latter part of June, as near as I can remember, my cows broke through and out of the pasture during the night. In the morning the milker found them missing, and began looking for them through the woods and adjacent farms. Between 9 and 10 o'clock in the forenoon, he passed the pasturage and met Pastor Holmgren, who informed him that he had the cows tied up in the barn, whom he found, together with several others, in his newly "paris-greened" potato field, "last night," and which he did not succeed to get rid of. These cows were provided with hay in their captivity. Later, in the morning, he noticed milk streaming from the udder of one of the cows, and knowing that she suffered on account of being used to early milking, he milked the cow, and put the milk aside in order to give it to the owner of the cow, when he appeared; which he did, but which my man refused: I will now state that I consider Pastor Holmgren doing a humane and Christian act to that animal, and I told him so, as soon as I heard of it, and permit me to reiterate here, that I shall always consider it so. Pastor Holmgren refused compensation for the damage my cattle had done to his garden and small potato field, and we have been good friends and neighbors, both before and since, and I know that I never for a moment considered that act of his inconsistent with his character as man or preacher, and if Pastor Holmgren had not mentioned the matter himself, there would have been no warp for slanderers and evil-minded people to make a web to smirch his name. I appeared at the deacons' meeting on date above stated, and told these facts unsolicited by them; but so far as I can learn, the secretary failed to or wilfully neglected to enter them on the record of proceedings, and in order to have a full light on the subject I offer this to Pastor Holmgren to use as his discretion dictates, and which surely will convince all unbiased and earnest people that I consider him highly wronged and most unjustly treated by such cruel and malignant slander.

FRANK O. LANDGRANE.

NEW SWEDEN, ME., January 25, 1902.

To all whom it may concern:

As, in order to save the lives of cows, broken away during night, and grazing on the unfenced "paris-greened" potato field and garden belonging to Pastor C. J. A. Holmgren, it was necessary to confine and tie those who kept on returning after having been driven away. As Pastor Holmgren, being a newcomer to the settlement, was unacquainted with where these cows belonged, and not knowing how long a time it would take to find the owners of these cows, these animals were provided with hay, etc., and in the morning, at the direction of Mrs. Holmgren, two cows were milked, and the order given that the milk should be delivered to the owners as soon as found. Thus, we,

the undersigned, the owners of these two cows, do hereby beg leave to tender our cordial thanks and feelings of obligation to Rev. and Mrs. Holmgren for their good will and acts of kindness, we wanting neither our cows to graze on a paris-greened field, nor their yielding capacity diminished by letting them go unmilked at regular intervals. Therefore, we also extend our thanks to the Rev. Holmgren's servant girl (a 20-year old daughter of a New Sweden farmer) that she advocated this step (she doing the milking in the case of one of the cows), Rev. and Mrs. Holmgren, who have spent most of their days in cities, being unversed in the care of cattle.

(Signed) W. ANDERSON,

FRANK O. LANDGRANE,

Owners of the cows.

J. A. LINDQUIST,

Witness to the signatures.

REASONS FOR SENDING OUT THE FIRST CIRCULAR.

That it is of paramount importance to a pastor to follow up such inquiry as to whether he has any friends among the ministers of the Gospel, is furthermore preëminently borne by the fact that, in 1902, the president of the Augustana Synod, Dr. Norelius, writes me, that to find places for ministers nowadays is chiefly in the hands of the conference presidents, whose influence, however, is somewhat regulated by the condition referred to in Rev. L. J. Fihn's letter of 1903: "That it is impossible to get a call without being popular among the brethren, I have understood long ago."

As a corroboration of this, Rev. J. T. O. Olander writes in 1903:

Rev. Dahlberg decided to remain at his place, because Pastor Lind went to South Bend, and vilified Dahlberg, who for such reasons did not get the call, though the church council had put him up as their candidate. What a brotherly act!

Among other instances, it may now suffice to refer to a letter from the Boston District's former president, Rev. E. J. Nystrom, who had just assisted me to the call from Concord, evidently that I may assist him to receive the call from the coveted Manchester congregation, whose leaders were related to the leader, F. E. Lindquist, of the Concord parish, at that time losing members on account of the parishioners having driven away their former pastor, he having fallen in love with a comparatively kithless, but gifted, girl of the fold, Rev. Nystrom writing (May 24, 1902):

I told Lindstrom (a deacon and lay preacher, who also had tried to assist Nystrom to Manchester, and who was later on, without attending the schools of the Synod, etc., by, or through, Nystrom, lifted into the ministry and a good charge), that, because of intriguing brethren, I lost the call to a good charge, where, for many years, people have been waiting for a chance

to call me to become their pastor. Though I received an overwhelming majority, 43 votes, while the other candidates, in spite of the eager exertions to muster votes, got 26, the presiding pastor alleged that I could not be considered. The congregation kept on until 11.30 p. m., when many got tired out and went home. Next day, several wrote to me, and bitterly bewailed the injustice of the presiding pastor. This was done by one, who, in all brotherly love and amity, I had assisted to a good charge in the West.

THE CONSCIENCE OF THE NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

When, in 1899, I arrived from my well-earned good position in Minnesota to Newport, R. I., the very greeting I at first received at the landing place was from a leading member of the Newport parish, who exclaimed that the conference officials had committed a wrong in inducing me with such a large family to move to such a small mission as Newport. This first greeting sounded in my ears as the unhushed, spontaneous voice of the conscience of the New York Conference, greeting the newcomer from Minnesota, where he had just added about fifty new communicant members to the flock, and where he had just sold his horses, implements, furniture, etc., far below cost in order to comply with the wishes and exactions of the officials of the New York Conference.

A few weeks after my arrival at Newport, Rev. T. O. Linell, then at Malden, Mass., voiced this conscience of the conference by at once securing me a call from the more promising field of Everett, Mass., he at the same time telling me that the conference has far more important missions to spend money on than on this comparatively insignificant place as Newport is, on which the conference "has already thrown away too much money."

At this juncture, however, the following thundering letter arrived from the conference president, Dr. Ahlquist:

In the name of the conference, I forbid you to move or to accept any other call before next conference meeting; and if you move, I shall have you arraigned and called to account for such a lost to shame and unchristian act. The officials of the conference did not call you to Newport, that by such a base act you should render the death blow to all Lutheran mission at that place. It is a despicable performance of Linell and Johansson (of Boston) to try to seduce you to commit such treachery against the conference and its officials.

If in reality and in secret, Ahlquist and chums were backing up Linell in these endeavors to get me switched off at once from the disastrous consequences of remaining at Newport, they should have told me so, as I could hardly imagine that, in contradistinction from what came to me from other sources, Ahlquist's letter would merely be a

hint to impress me to always own that his conscience, in the matter of taking me away from my good position in Minnesota, is clean and pure as the lily.

At any rate, on the strength of his outspoken letter, I considered myself debarred from the splendid opportunity of somewhat retrieving the great losses sustained owing to the fact that Ahlquist had employed similar language when he induced me to capitulate from my splendid charge at Minnesota, in regard to which Rev. J. T. O. Olander wrote to me:

I cannot understand how you could go to Newport: but I presume you did not know anything about the place.

So, also, the statistician of the New York Conference, Rev. K. N. Rabenius, of Pontiac, R. I., assured me, that if, instead of having directed my initial inquiries to another former schoolmate (Rev. K. K. Broberg, then the secretary of the conference), I had questioned Rabenius, in the strongest terms possible he would have warned me from going to Newport, no matter if, during the period of a few years, members of my family were to undergo operations, making it more desirable to be nearer home, instead of, as was the case in Minnesota, traveling after my horses about 4,000 miles a year between my widespread, distant parish annexes.

Having a bulky household to move, and already settled down in Newport, and in compliance with Ahlquist's request or outspoken letter, I decided to remain at Newport, which I did for thirteen months, merely to experience that the millionaires, to whom I had to appeal for money for the church debt and even for my own salary, considered that this mission was a waste of money. Having thus satisfied my own conscience, I ultimately left the place and went to New Sweden, Me., where a student preacher had secured a refuge for me.

Ever since that time, I have been constantly reminded that Ahlquist and chums fully agree in that the voice of the conference-conscience ought to be hushed by throwing me entirely to the dogs. So, for instance, in 1903, when, on account of being thus entirely cleaned out, sickness at home, the members of my family being unable to stand the persecutions, and thus, on account of the wolf at the door, I could not attend the conference meeting in March of that year, my letter asking for an excuse having, perhaps, gone astray in the mails, the following threatening words arrived from the president:

In accordance with resolutions carried at the conference meeting at Peale, Pa., I do herewith solemnly warn you because of your great default in not

sending in even an excuse for your absence from said meeting, and I do hereby warn you as having trespassed upon the conference constitution, Art. I, Sec. 8.

Ex officio, L. P. AHLQUIST.

Yea, in two of the annual records of the conference, it is falsely alleged that I have been absent without sending in an excuse. Moreover, in this reign of terror, A. D. 1905, though having struggled hard to attend every meeting of the Boston District, the following letter came from Rev. Aslev, of Lowell, Mass., a tool of the bosses:

Don't forget to attend the next meeting of the district. That is my brotherly advice. I don't want to say any more; but remember Rosenquist, who was deposed for merely being contumacious.

For over sixteen years this Rosenquist had served the Saron Lutheran church of Chicago, Ill., until in the spring of 1905, he was deposed by the officers of the Illinois Conference.

WILD AND UNBRIDLED ENEMIES.

In 1901, soon after I had left Newport, and was stationed at New Sweden, Me., intimidating letters arrived from the conference president, requesting me to defray part of the heavy expenses that had been required for my consummate efforts to solicit funds for paying the church debt of Newport; threats rendering it of the greatest moment to lose no time in preparing a statement and a petition to the whole conference for protection. In such heated contest, no respite was left to look after other important matters, so that, for instance, \$50 was lost as a result of a misunderstanding, when claiming damages from a contemporaneous fire in the New Sweden parsonage.

The time spent for drawing up this consummate appeal for protection against Ahlquist's threats, following close upon the defying snarls from Rev. Kjellstrand, who was the pastor of the two Providence deacons who had built the Newport church, and who also had been appointed by the "chums" to audit my money account from the Newport time, changed, it is true, the demeanor of Ahlquist, but the appeals to assign some redress for the many heavy losses sustained from the time I was induced to capitulate from a good charge at Minnesota, did not meet with the needed consummation.

True enough, the pastors of the Providence district decided to ask the conference to grant me \$150 to cover part of the moving expenses, but the statistician of the conference wrote that to bring this matter before the conference would mar and undermine my future career

in the Synod. Another member of that district also stated that the general opinion of the brethren was that it would be unwise of me to take up the matter before the conference.

Consequently, I let go my hold, believing that these warnings indicated that, even if some would play off as if they were down on one or two of the officials, in the long run they would all unite in letting me have the worst of it, the condition of an Augustana pastor in a predicament seeming to be about the same as that of earthquake victims, at the mercy of rapacious marauders, taking advantage of the prevailing chaos and the lack of restriction, to mulct and strip the unfortunate.

Thus, ten years ago, a former Augustana pastor, Rev. J. Seleen, wrote to me:

Wild and unbridled enemies defying the constitution and by-laws of the Synod, at times without any restrictions whatever, are permitted to persecute the most faithful servants and ministers of our free church. When one has been wearing out himself in the service of the Synod, one is thrown out in the world, without bread, without home or shelter. If one has been propitious enough to save a little of the petty salary, mostly doled out irregularly and with a low grumble, it is well and good; if not, one is tossed to seek shelter somewhere, and few people, if any, take those things to heart. That such things cannot end well, is beyond a doubt. The missions, schools and everything else are deep in debts. Are the people poorer? No, the reverse. But the love and the spirit of brotherhood are in course of extinction and death.

CHAPTER IV.

The Giant Despair beats him, leaves him in a poisonous dungeon without food, finally gives him daggers and cords and advises him suicide. But Christian suddenly remembers a key in his bosom, called Promise, which will open any lock in the castle.—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

THE BATTLE FOR LIFE CIRCULAR.

Being entirely at the mercy of these, my ministerial bosses, I found at last that they were on the spring to taboo me out of my calling, as Rev. Aslev's letter indicates, on such paltry excuse that I am unable to attend every monthly meeting of the Boston District with its monthly outlay of \$2; they not considering that my willingness is so great that at every one of the weddings of brethren in the district the customary tax of \$2 for a wedding present has been paid by me, with the sole exception of the last one. This, in spite of that, while the brethren in general were taking advantage of the prosperous times, my home has been devastated, so that as soon as I would secure my rights as a human being, and my debts paid, which debts, through almost superhuman efforts on my part, have been kept at a minimum, and not in proportion to what we have been so unmercifully deprived of, my first duty will be to try to furnish up a new home for my family.

At any rate, when my first circular, "For a Worthy Cause," proved too lenient to bring about the desired or needed understanding, the large circular, "A Battle for Life," with supplements followed. At this juncture, one of the Minnesota pastors, Rev. E. Hedeén, of New London, Minn., wrote:

Brother Holmgren is not the only Augustana pastor run down by his brethren. When you write again in the open, name the persons who have been intriguing against a brother. The Augustana Synod is organized to be an Evangelical free church. All puppet popes, even the one who keeps the Synod's paper, . . . stana, we can knock on the head and the fingers. No one has a right to oppress a brother who honestly works according to his calling and office. Commit yourself to the Great Shepherd and His care. He defends both you and the principles at stake.

Such letters and assurances are, indeed, enough to prove that these my circulars are the despairing cry in the wilderness of those who remain below, and who have sent me to herald their pain. If the church-

people, or their leaders, should really be a class by themselves, exempt from observing human and Christian laws, then the whole church would soon deteriorate, until there were no remedy; the sanctuary dragging the whole people to destruction. Indeed, it would be of the most disastrous consequences, if blacklisting teachers in morals and religion would fall back upon the cognizance as to jugglers being outside of the jurisdiction of civil law; it being the prerogative of the snaky, twisting and hard to deal with animals, to crawl through the net handled by the authorities to catch the wild game.

Then the church would soon relapse into the state or condition it was at the time of Henry II, when men, whose only claim of sanctity was that they wore a black gown or had a shaven head, claimed the right of being judged by the ecclesiastical tribunal; the result being that many criminals who deserved to be hanged escaped with a slight punishment, as when the priest named Brois had committed an unprovoked murder. When King Henry commanded him to be brought before the king's court, the archbishop, Becket, interfered and ordered the case to be tried by the bishop of the diocese, who sentenced the murderer to lose his place for two years. History tells us that then Henry proceeded to put the constitutions into execution without fear or favor. A champion of the church of that day says:

Then was seen the mournful spectacle of priests and deacons who had committed murder, manslaughter, robbery, theft and other crimes, carried in carts before the commissioners and punished as they were ordinary men.

MAGNUSON'S TIME.

In January, 1892, after my present successor in Concord, Rev. Norden, then pastor at Ridgeway, Pa., had prevailed upon me to abandon a most promising future in the large Jamestown congregation, where I then had worked a year, and while laboring at Mt. Jewett, Pa., I received the following letter from Rev. M. J. Englund, then superintendent of the New York Conference Orphans' Home at Jamestown, N. Y., but now one of the editors of the Synod's organ, *Augustana*:

In *Augustana* and *Fosterlandet*, Rev. A. A. Magnuson is criticised for having partaken in the church dedication held by the Methodists and the Congregationalists. In his ire, Magnuson accuses you as the author of that criticism. Should you receive a letter from him, or should he remonstrate in the papers, disregard it entirely. If Brother Holmgren is the author of that criticism, such will impart honor on you, as an indication of your sanity as a churchman. If you are not the author, it is best for you not to make any

rejoinders, as Magnuson's time will come some day. I keep it all enshrined in my memory. Holmgren does not need to fear him, as I shall know how to reply to his remonstrances. Unrighteousness is a bad seed to sow.

This avowal that Magnuson's time will come some day and that Englund had stored up certain things in his memory, evidently refer to the circumstances that Magnuson, who at that time was pastor of the Second Lutheran Church at Jamestown, and one of the directors of the Orphans' Home, was opposed to Englund being superintendent of the home, and that for such reasons Magnuson was a crow to be plucked. Why this man was finally impelled to resign from the ministry is not known to many more than a former president of the Iowa Conference, which chum of Englund had the case in charge, Dr. Holmes.

To me it is beyond a doubt that Englund himself was the author of that criticism as there are other similar articles by him published against other brethren, who have more recently partaken in Union meetings, etc.; his attacks being made in the style as the one he made on the Anglican Church, when at the English archbishop's visit and the bishops' parade in Boston, Mass., he insinuatingly connected this event with that it looked as if not one cow, but the whole barn, was let loose.

Moreover, in 1891, Dr. Evald of Chicago, Ill., asserted that it pained him to have read in *Fosterlandet* some unfair comments in regard to a fair arranged by me at Jamestown, N. Y., at which about \$1,000 was realized; Englund being evidently the author of even that criticism, as it has a striking resemblance to his remarks before the assembled multitude at his inaugural address opening that fair, when he remarked that there was a certain man present who wants to have the credit for this successful event. I remember the tears filling the eyes of my wife at such construction put on the motives of my labors.

B. D. AND T. F.

So also, in 1908, on his death bed, Rev. Linell remarked that it was here in Jamestown 18 years ago, in the company of Englund, though nothing irrational in my conduct could be detected, Linell was surprised to hear for the first time that I was deranged.

Thus, while Englund's backer and patron, the former president of the New York Conference, since 1900 the doctor in dogmatics, and part of this time also vice-president of the school at Rock Island, Dr. C. E. Lindberg, paved the way for conferring on the graduating seminarists, after my time, the title B. D. to shine in the records of

the Synod, to my person there was to be attached the title T. F. (Thou Fool).

This, in spite of that there were worthy men both before and after "Anno Domini One," and that when I pursued the noiseless tenor of my way and in 1892 for the second time enrolled as a student in the seminary, it was with the explicit understanding that I was not to be hoodwinked, but that I was taking in every one of the studies for acquiring the protection of a B. D. mark, and not that kind of a diploma, which, only at the time of my ordination reassuringly declared me to be a graduate from the school, popped up to be inadequate for showing its face before the uninitiated public; and all this though, through strenuous labors, and not through syncophancy, I took the studies seriously and made myself worthy of the highest marks in general scholarship, both in the college and the seminary.

In the first circular, "For a Worthy Cause," nay, even before, these things were alluded to, but with no other results than that the following mock "diploma" was sent from the boundaries of the Providence district, where at that juncture, 1905, Englund was pastor at Greenwich, R. I.:

Rev. C. J. A. Holmgren, Concord, N. H.

DEAR SIR: With great pleasure I herewith have the honor of informing you that the faculty of Brown University has decided to confer upon you the degree of B. D. Your ability as a preacher and your immense knowledge of language and sciences is widely known. Accept, therefore, this degree.

Ex officio, W. H. EUSTIS, Secretary.

THE WHINING MICE.

Thus, though there are pastors, who, as students at the Synod's school at Rock Island, Ill., could enjoy teasing and vexing the school president's demented son, until they had him raving and cursing, and though there ~~were~~ ^{are} coarse-grained natures of the same type as the Dutch priest of whom Professor Bruggmans of Leyden relates, that he was endowed with such great desire to kill and see killed, that he became chaplain of a regiment solely to have opportunity of seeing men destroyed in battle; and though there must be men in the Synod, who would have great satisfaction to see a brother smashed and slain, of course "in a mild form," and not so spectacular as when, in the press-devoid days, Bishop Hatto of Germany invited the poor to lunch in a big barn, and, having set on fire this enclosed and picketed place, ejaculated, "Listen how the mice are whining!"—yet, on the other hand, and in spite of Rev. J. A. Anderson's assertion that I am whin-

ing, it is impossible for a man endowed with a large benevolence and conscientiousness to not believe in the brotherhood of man, and that the majority of the brethren cherish a good will towards humanity. The whole race being within the circle of my affections, I am constrained to prevail upon the sanctuary to amend, as by resisting oppression, atrocities against other human beings are thereby checked and hindered, thus mitigating the sufferings of bleeding humanity. To love mankind must be of decidedly more importance than to love the bossism of the Synod.

REASONS FOR SENDING OUT THE SECOND AND THIRD SUPPLEMENTS.

August 1, 1907, on the strength of stretched reports from my Concord successor, Rev. Norden, the following threatening letter, *ex officio*, arrived from the Boston District, Rev. J. A. Bernhard, of Everett, Mass.:

Let me know if, since you left the congregation in Concord, you have joined another Swedish Lutheran Augustana congregation. Apparently, you do evil to your children, to yourself, and to God's work among our people, by sending your children to the Sunday school of the Episcopal Church. Take a brotherly advice.

As such rumors and reports were apt to check and retard the forthcoming of the nearly \$1,200 promised me by the pastors after I had sent out my circular "A Battle for Life," with its first supplement, I hastened to send out the second supplement, dated September 27, 1907, which was referring to the fact that my boys merely attended the choir of the Episcopal Church. This supplement was, however, followed by threats from the conference officials that they will have me deposed until next general meeting of the conference (April, 1908) if I should dare to send out any more round robins; this, in spite of a man's right to defend himself.

Complying herewith, I waited still another precious year for the blacklists to declare off the bush-fight, and to grant me the succor needed. Nevertheless, according to the Norse proverb, that while the better man waits, the ugly one strikes, the blacklists seem to have been prying into every hole and corner to hunt for evidence suitable for countenancing an official kick out of my calling.

Ignoring the explanation in my second supplement, Dr. Nelsenius, the conference president, as a last resort, sticks like ivy to the mere circumstance that two of my sons attend the choir of an Episcopal Church. Neck or nothing, he dashes off:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., October 3, 1908.

Pastor C. J. A. Holmgren:

Please let me know by return mail if, since the meeting with the conference officials in Concord, in November last, you have joined a congregation belonging to the Augustana Synod, and if you continue sending your children to the Episcopal Church.

*Ex officio, G. NELSENIUS,
President of the New York Conference.*

My reply to this letter was that I was tied hands and feet, and that I had hoped that he, the president, would come to the rescue; there also being no other Augustana congregation in Concord except the one from which I had been outlawed.

With this intimidating letter before me, nothing else was left than to prepare for the coming blow by getting ready the Third Supplement to be dated on Reformation Day, October 31, though by some mistake the ciphers became changed to 21.

As had been anticipated, the following summons arrived on the 8th of November, 1908:

Pastor C. J. A. Holmgren, Concord, N. H.:

Whereas you have not satisfactorily answered my inquiries, made in the beginning of October, as to if you still are sending your children to the Episcopal Church; and, as in conversation and writing you still are belying and raising injurious reports against your brethren, therefore, you are herewith summoned to appear before the New York Conference officials, at their meeting in the Swedish Lutheran Immanuel Church parsonage, 521 Leonard Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., November 16, 1908. I enclose herewith \$10 for traveling expenses.

Respectfully,
G. NELSENIUS,
President of the New York Conference.

STAR CHAMBER HEARINGS.

Thus I was summoned to attend another star chamber hearing, recalling to my mind the meeting these same officials, together with the president of the Boston District, Rev. Bernhard, held with me in the just opened basement to dedicate the preposterously enlarged Concord church, which meeting was held between 9 p. m. and 3 a. m. November 19-20, 1907.

Though a post card could have furnished them with such irrelative items, Rev. Norden, my Concord successor, was at that meeting allowed to kill the time by, for instance, picturing before this tribunal articles some brethren had commissioned him to arrantly and degradingly buy for me in the Concord stores.

The precious time was also wasted to Norden's new accusation that I had not more than one book for entering the ministerial acts. It was indeed a sight for a painter to see these tormentors put their victim to the rack for things not pertaining to the issue to be determined. This meeting had been called to investigate my statements made in my circulars, and for nothing else.

I told them, however, that as, through the efforts of the well paid and protected Norden, the congregation is now the happy owner of such extra book in which to enter the ministerial acts, I am ready to enter in it all the records that are kept in my private books, though everything pertaining to the ministerial acts performed by me within the parish can be copied from the old big book, in which to my best knowledge I have entered it all. Besides that, in the city records is filed everything of importance of that nature.

As at my arrival in Concord, 1902, the congregation was in debt of over \$1,000, and as my predecessors did not go to the trouble to make the congregation defray the expense of a few dollars for such an additional book, and from the recent experiences I have had with the deacons of New Sweden, Me., and on account of that the ministerial blacklisters were eagerly watching for chances to let the air ring with, that I have troubles wherever I am; and as even my efforts to induce members to pay their dues to the missions and institutions of the Synod and Conference met with bitter opposition, I was too much in a hornet's nest to be able to proceed as one having the prerequisite moral and financial backing to fulfil my calling, not to mention that in these small mission places and even in larger parishes such an extra book is seldom kept as it ought to.

Even the parish treasurer of Concord was at this very meeting permitted to waste the time by reading an itemized statement as to how much had been paid out and received each month. At this he was, however, omitting to refer to such things as that, for instance, a member had asked me why the collectors did not come to her to take up the dues, she asking me if I would receive it. Another member had also told me that the collectors had not been around yet, but that when they did come she would tell them that not a cent would come from her unless the pastor get it for his running expenses, she evidently referring to such facts that, for instance, the treasurer used my small salary to settle a \$100 bank note from the time I was driven from New Sweden, Me., and was unable to defray the moving expenses to Concord.

Nay, by the indirect aid of the Conference president, I was forced to turn over to settle on my salary the \$175 I made on a lecture in

May, 1906, though by right such money ought to have been used to above all assist me in covering the heavy losses sustained during the succeeding lecture tour I made that same summer.

Another member of the Concord parish had asked a leader or owner of the parish why they were against me, and received as reply that no one can imagine what kind of a man I am, a reply tallying with a similar answer a parish member of the large Manchester congregation received when asking a leader why I, who seemed to be such a fit man to call to the then vacant congregation, was not recommended by the deacons of that place. With no valid charges to prefer against me, these leaders know too well that all that is necessary to rob a man of his chances is merely to make him suspected.

A FICTITIOUS TRIAL.

At any rate, during this nightly meeting in November, 1907, the time was not devoted to such things as had a direct bearing on my circular statements, where I had implored the brethren for a brother's hand and not for disgracing alms, so sure to kill my chances of regaining a station on a par with the bulk of the brethren.

In fact, any one familiar with church history would claim that there is nothing new under the sun, and that this fictitious trial and the other moves connected therewith tallies with the meeting of June 15, 1405, when Magnus Huss was fictitiously allowed to make his vindictory speech, and the priests, by making a deafening noise, drowned the voice of the martyr, whose death-doom was preconcerted. The result of this meeting was that the officials announced that a real trial had been held and that my circular statements could not be maintained by me as being true.

We all know what the verdict will be when a man's enemies are his judges; and, for reasons plausible enough to every right-minded person, I was finally compelled to give up parleying with these hegemonical blacklisters, who might even take advantage of my harborless condition to "lovingly and deplorably" place me in some asylum, my wife not being able to stand even the thought of my attending the meeting to be held in the very camp of the enemy this November.

Thus, with these intimidating letters of October 3 and November 8 before me, I saw no other way than again to appeal to the whole body of ministers for an open trial. Consequently I hurried to the printing office to get ready the Third Supplement, prepared in order to escape being tried and condemned in the dark. Accordingly, my reply to the Conference president was as follows:

CONCORD, N. H., November 11, 1908.

The Rev. G. Nelsenius, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.:

DEAR PRESIDENT: In reply to your summons for me to appear at the meeting in your home to face the charges that I send my children to the Episcopal Church, etc., I beg leave to state that the precarious condition of my wife forbids me to attend. Besides, I have just now another circular ready, which evidently will be of more importance to consider than that I permit my children to sing under a prominent teacher; this not only free of charge, but even for some compensation. Consequently, I herewith return the \$10 forwarded. I do sincerely hope that you will kindly meet me on the same ground upon which I am endeavoring to prevail, *i. e.*, before the whole body of ministers. If I could be assisted to attend a general meeting of the Synod, and if *all* the brethren could be present, then these round robins would not be needed. As matters now stand, there is no other way than to make use of the printing press. May God prevail upon you to conscientiously and lovingly meet me on this same arena of truth and light!

With my family, I am yours in the Lord gratefully,

C. J. A. HOLMGREN.

CHAPTER V.

God pity us all as we jostle each other,
God pardon us all for the triumph we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
Pierced to the heart. Words are keener than steel
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

J. MILLER.

DEVILS DRAGGING AWAY THEIR OWN.

That this way of proceeding were the only rational steps that could be taken is beyond a question, when also considering that blacklisting brethren had "employed" the New Sweden deacons to send me to Coventry on such inhuman charges referred to above, and then, next in order, had been exerting themselves to get the Concord deacons to outlaw me on the charge of insanity.

The world's history is crowded with examples that whenever it has been the object of one individual to ruin another lunacy has been the most formidable weapon employed, thus causing Christ to threaten that whosoever shall call his brother a fool shall be in danger of the hell of fire. In regard to this demoniacal sort of blacklisting, an authority on this question speaks out:

Disordered reason, or witchcraft, has been the ordinary accusation resorted to, whenever it was the object of one individual to ruin another. In cases of these convictions or murders in the past, the clergy displayed the most intemperate zeal. It was before them that the poor wretches were first brought for examination, in most cases after a preparatory course of solitary confinement. (So, also, Fogelstrom was shut up in a to him exceedingly vexatious place), cold, famine, want of sleep, or actual torture (so, without any vacation whatever, and seldom having had time to sit down to meals, as others do, I have now for years worked at least 17 hours a day).

On some occasions the clergy themselves actually performed the part of prickors, and inserted long pins into the flesh of the victims, in order to try their insensibility (the acts perpetrated against me are partly related in still unprinted manuscripts), and, in all cases, they labored with the most persevering investigations to obtain from the accused a confession which afterwards may be used against them in their trial, and which, in more than one case, formed, though retracted, the sole evidence in which the conviction took place. (The tactics of my blacklisters having been also to deprive me of the requisite moral and financial backing, and then to disgrace me for non-support of my family, and as one receiving alms and charities.) So little light seemed the Bible to afford them regarding the atrocities against witches,

that the Secession Church of Scotland, comprising many intelligent clergymen and a large number of the most serious and religious of people, complained, in the Annual Confession of personal and national sins (printed in an act of their Associated Pesbytery at Edinburgh in 1743), "of the penal statutes against witches having been repealed by the parliament, contrary to the express law of God." The public was so *familiarized* with such atrocious scenes, that it relished and gloried in them; singing the cants of them in popular airs, and representing them in hideous engravings, with devils dragging away "their own," while the clergy preached *solemn discourses*, called witch sermons, upon occasion of every sacrifice, the effect of which was, of course, to inspire fresh zeal to collect fuel for another.

Realizing that the Concord parish owners were suborned to lend a hand in drawing a cordon around me, I warned them, though in vain, that before God we are looked upon as murderers, even if we do not plunge a knife through the victim.

Notwithstanding all such entreaties and assurances that God is on my side, in 1906 their moves gradually waxed so bold-faced that the father of several of the Concord leaders related to my wife that once in the church I had acted as a lunatic. Unlike Mrs. Fogelstrom, who, according to Fogelstrom's pamphlet, "In Perils Among False Brethren," remained at Thorsby while his "kidnappers" induced him to accompany them to Omaha, my wife could respond that, though such reports would have frightened her terribly, she is not a bit afraid, as she herself was present at that very time and therefore knows it to be a big lie. "Ah, was Mrs. Holmgren in the church, too, at that time?" exclaimed the old man abashed, he having himself been absent at that meeting.

In connection with this, it may here be reminded that, while traveling ~~in steamers out West~~, Augustana pastors are directing strangers' attention to that I am demented."

A SHREWD MOVE.

Even one of these pastors, Rev. Aslev of Lowell, Mass., has his name used as seal to the following action taken by the Concord deacons, which, addressed to the pastors of the Boston District, was no doubt one of the prime reasons or moves for robbing me of the apportionment from the mission board, which board, for instance, in 1908 awards my successor, Norden, \$300, in spite of that the Conference is fast losing ground and influence in Concord,* the congregation being also brought into a debt of nearly \$3,000:

* Certain pastors claim that my presence in Concord is the cause of Norden's failure; but would it not be as reasonable to blame me for the fact that, according to statistics, Norden's previous congregation, in Minnesota, dwindled one third in about two years, during which he had charge of the place?

WEST CONCORD, N. H., March 3, 1906.

Rev. J. A. Bernhard, Everett, Mass.:

Because of certain disturbances in our congregation, or rather between the congregation and the pastor, we wish to appeal to the Boston District for assistance to clear up this matter as soon as possible. We have written to the conference president and he has also been here, but it seems as if his visit has not brought about the intended effect, because, instead of getting better, it is growing worse every day that goes. The circumstance is such that something must be done at once, and what we want the district to do is to see to it that things be pushed before anything serious takes place. Indeed, it seems *to be true* that Pastor Holmgren is not always accountable for his actions, and it is absolutely necessary to make haste in getting Pastor Holmgren removed from here, as the welfare of the congregation and of Holmgren demands it. *Pastor Aslev may defer to render a more thorough-going account as to the real facts.*

(Signed) — — ———
 ——— ———
 — — ———

Send letter to — — ———.

As at one occasion one of the signers of this petition wept like Petrus at the coal fire and also voted against the eighteen men, who, in the summer of 1906 congregated to vote me out of the congregation and the ministry; and as this so taciturn deacon no doubt was carried away at seeing the name of Aslev in this petition; and as members have stated that the leaders in Concord would never have dared to do what they did if Aslev, etc., had not been backing it up; and as in cases of this nature the hegemonical blacklisters among the ministers are the most blameworthy in this connection, I omit the names of the signers, as well as that of Concord's *Svea* correspondent, who, with his two brothers and his family, has even abandoned the Synod and joined the Baptists.

That in these cases so much depends on the attitude of ministerial leaders, teachers in morals and religion, is also evident from what I experienced, for instance, in 1888, when during the summer vacation, as a student of the Synod's college at Rock Island, Ill., I had been commissioned to assist Rev. G. O. Gustafson of Varna, Ill., as preacher and school teacher.

Having finished my first day in the parochial summer school, an aged man entered the school-room, and, having expressed his great joy at having a student preacher during the summer, he at once began to denounce his pastor as being such a hasty man, full of wrath, white in anger, etc., and that there was a general ill feeling against him.

"Come," I replied, "at first let us go in the church and pray for the guidance of the Holy Spirit before we proceed any further."

When we rose from the prayer, this aged man trembled like an aspen leaf, and left me without complaining any more.

In a letter to my friend, the American professor in mathematics at the Synod's school, Dr. A. W. Williamson, the son of a renowned missionary among the Indians, and who had prevented me from leaving the school in disgust, I also mentioned the deplorable hatred I had noticed against this pastor. In his reply to me, Doctor Williamson said:

I trust you will bear with me as a friend to avoid as far as possible all allusions to any past dissatisfaction with Pastor Gustafson, who is a most worthy man and was for a long time eminently popular at Varna.

It is often the case that one, going to a place under the circumstances you did, would suppose three fourths at least against a man, when the dissatisfaction in the church itself is almost confined to those he talks with, and to irreligious people not connected with the congregation, also, slanderers are usually flatterers.

I do not think it likely that without caution you would say anything that would do any serious harm if it stopped with the one who said it; but I do know that in talking with the class of people who most like to talk on such subjects, words said, that could not possibly in the slightest degree have either hurt the feelings of the one concerning whom I spoke them, have been turned and warped and twisted till they became the most outrageous mischief-breeding slanders. "Where there is no tale-bearer the strife ceaseth." I thank God you have done so much to allay the strife, and pray God that he will help you to so improve the experiences to add to your practical ability in managing a congregation, and also to practically forget these things except in the few cases where they may be useful.

When closing my labors that summer, I had the great satisfaction to witness that, even in that parish, where about half of the people were related, it was unanimously agreed to raise the salary of the pastor.

A few years later, however, Doctor Williamson's words became true the opposite way. From the reports received, the people then drove away its pastor by the aid of the student, then commissioned to them, during a subsequent summer vacation; and while Rev. Gustafson is moving out of the parsonage, in an adjoining yard, a band plays joyful airs and the student "tale-bearer" is carried in triumph on the arms of the people.

As also, according to President Roosevelt, people are so apt to pass judgment upon a man, not with reference to whether he is a fit or unfit public servant, but with reference to whether he is an executive or legislative officer, there is no wonder that here in Concord such bold moves of the deacons, humored and carried away by ministerial bosses, robbed me of even the repute and respectability that was indispensable for my movements and progress among the Concord parishioners and

people in general, though, in spite of this, I kept on taking in new members. For a fact, there is hardly any doubt but that Rev. Aslev, Norden and other errand-boys of the ring, had never met with such a ready response, here in Concord and in New Sweden, to their shrewd attempts to collect evidences to countenance an official kick out of my calling in life if they, these ministerial blacklisters, had not acted as if they were merely catering to personal selfish interests of the parish-owners of these places. For my part, I respect a widow or a mother when wanting herself or her daughters married to good men; and I also admit that many of our small congregations are unable to support a family of a minister. Students, and occasionally an unmarried pastor, are the ones that ought to tend to such small parishes, whence rumors now and then spread like wildfire that certain students have selected their brides from these small mission places wherein they labored during the summer vacation. On the other hand, I own, that even this method is apt to be abused in more than one way. So, for instance, Elizabeth Towne, the editor of *Nautilus*, writes a girl, upon whose feelings some emotional evangelist had been playing, that such evangelists aim to play on the feelings of every girl or woman in the congregation he "exhorts," and that she has let her feelings go out to the evangelist himself instead of directing it toward the Christ he tried to preach. This same editor also asserts "that there ought to be a law against young and good-looking men going around as evangelists; but if there were, the evangelist business would quickly go out of fashion for lack of converts."

INSANITY COMMISSIONERS.

Pleading as an excuse that I had taken care of the above mentioned New Sweden cattle, Rev. J. A. Anderson of Brockton, Mass., a former vice-president of the New York Conference, has spread out that I am unworthy of a brother's hand, and that for such reasons he had dismissed me from a position, with reference to which Doctor Nelsenius wrote to me, May 9, 1904:

I am glad that the Boston Immigrant Board has extended a call to you to solicit funds for the home. Thereby you are enabled to chiefly further an important mission, and at the same time help up your own finances.

That this was needed is evident even from the statement of one of our ministers, who wrote me that with the income I have it cannot be possible for me not to sink in debt. A man without money is as a ship without sails, or, as George Eliot says, "It is hard to be wise on an

empty stomach." Such things ought to be considered by a man who, like Anderson, by brethren in the denominational papers of the Synod is advertised as "our righteous and venerable brother, J. Alf. Anderson."

Still, after having devoted days and nights and money in preparations for this work as solicitor for the immigrant home, and having just begun the actual canvass and received a few checks, I was abruptly cut short (another reason for sending out my first circular), causing Doctor Nelsenius to write:

I am sorry the Boston Immigrant Board did not remain faithful in its dealings with you. But I do hope that they will change their minds and decision.

According to certain mental science, this Anderson may belong to the coarse-grained natures who care little for the happiness of man and the animal creation; and therefore he may not see any sanity in a person overflowing with sympathy and goodness, and that such may look silly to him. But as all men are liable to fail in their judgment, he ought therefore to leave to the owner of the cattle, or else to an expert insanity or criminal board, to decide in cases of this nature.

The rules of ethics says here that the principle by which we are to test our own motives, in speaking of that which may harm others, is this:

When we utter anything which will harm another, and we do it either without cause or with pleasure, or thoughtlessly, we are guilty of calumny. When we do it with *pain and sorrow for the offender*, and from the sincere motive of *protecting the innocent*, of *promoting the ends of public justice*, or *for the good of the offender himself*, and speak of it only *to such persons and in such manner* as is consistent with these ends, we may speak of the evil actions of others, and yet be wholly innocent of calumny.

Though we pray with Christ, Father forgive them, for they know not what they do, it is nevertheless our Christian duty to declare against that ministers of the Gospel should constitute insanity boards, with power to ruin the lives and homes of their fellow men, as it is to meddle with things belonging to other professions. For such reasons I consider them having trespassed upon other callings, when, according to a letter from Rev. L. J. Fihn of Minnesota, brethren in his district are claiming that I am of an unbalanced mind and that such is incurable, etc.

I am well aware that the blacklisters are watching every move I make, so as to search for any dark spots on me on which to throw the limelight of publicity, so as to make the public join in the chorus

“Crucify him!” From previous incidents in the history of mankind I also know what childish, trivial charges have made the public follow the guidance from the sanctuary. So, for instance, when in 1716, at Huntingdon, England, a Mrs. Hicks and her daughter, aged nine, were hanged for selling their souls to the devil and raising a storm by pulling off their stockings and making a lather of soap. Nay, a century before that time, in Geneva, for instance, within three months five hundred witches were burned. I know, for instance, how in my own case the promised aid of nearly \$1,200, to the great disappointment of my creditors, did not come, half of it even, merely because such reports were afloat that I send two of my boys to the Episcopal Sunday school. From such and similar experiences I know that these blacklisters will not cease from retarding and hindering the forthcoming of the succor I need, which needs cannot be filled with even the full amount of the nearly \$1,200 the ministers promised me in 1907. And as the years are continuously rolling by, and as postponements after postponements are being made, I wish I could include in this little book everything the blacklisters would possibly make use of as means for drawing out the time, and smothering me from mere exhaustion, before all my hairs grow white.

From certain information given me, I am led to believe that these persecutors intend to jump on me for living in a big house.

To this, I must say that during our first year in Concord we lived in a damp tenement, causing much sickness in the family. Therefore, in the fall of 1903, while my wife was in the hospital to be operated upon, the leading member of the congregation, Mr. Lindquist, informed me that the house I now have was empty, and that it was a good place for me.

As Mrs. Holmgren, as a convalescent, was very weak, and as it was hard for us to keep servants all the time, I went to the hospital to cheer her up with the promise that, while we wait for the ministers to get us a substantial charge to move to, she shall live in a house free from dampness, and with hot and cold water, to save her from too much pain and work while doing her washing, etc.

Moreover, I was promised the place at \$13 a month, besides the privilege of tearing down the big old barn and cutting down several big trees for fuel.

If my persecutors had not chased me so hotly, keeping me busy to ward off the blows they aimed at me, I would have had a chance to make use of the fuel thus afforded me. As things went, I only had a chance to cut down one of the trees, which furnished fuel for one of our stoves during one winter.

Meanwhile the actions of ministers of the Synod made me expect a call from Concord any minute. Consequently, when I asked for another tenement, the owner would ask if we intended to live in it any length of time, whereupon we had to respond that very likely we shall have to move within a month or two, several boxes of my books, etc., being already packed, etc. It is easy to understand that a landlord, who has just painted and papered a tenement, hesitates to take in such a large family as mine, even if such family moves in with the intention to stay.

Withal, having now lived such length of time in our present home, our landlord has been willing to wait for months for the house rent, something a new landlord could not be expected to do, especially as he would not know the circumstances of our present exigency.

Besides this, we have been able to raise squabs, chickens, etc., in the barn and there are many other reasons why we have kept on living here, which reasons will be brought forth later on, if necessary.

Another thing, these blacklisters may use to throw dirt at me, and use as an excuse for taking my scalp, would probably be my relation to Dr. M. J. Englund and his chums with reference to the liquor question. Therefore I consider it necessary to even delve at once into this matter.

CHAPTER VI.

When the state is most corrupt, then the laws are most multiplied.

TACITUS.

Social evil has its root in the individual heart, and cannot be removed except by influences operating within it. This fountain of man's corruption must be purified to correct social vice.

PROFESSOR SEELYE.

DR. ENGLUND, ETC., AND THE BREWERS, ETC.

In 1900, soon after my arrival from Minnesota to Newport, R. I. Doctor Englund, who was then pastor in Greenwich, R. I., advised me to go to a large wine and grocery house of Providence, R. I., to buy wine and beer so as to accommodate myself to his and his chums' wishes to have my Newport home as a welcome retreat, rendering it easier for him to avoid provoking certain people, as, for instance, in 1900, at a meeting of the Providence District at Pontiac, R. I., a man rose and laid upon the hearts of the assembled pastors how hard it is to work against intemperance when people retort that they are finding Englund so regularly and frequently drinking in a certain saloon in Providence.

As my wife and I are almost teetotalers and never spent any money for these things except for medicinal use, we had a long consultation as to what course we ought to follow.

In not being too exacting, and keeping before our minds how the Lutheran theologians of old used to discuss weighty questions by a mug of beer, we thought it would be a judicious move to comply with the express wishes of Englund, especially as my wife would much *rather* see them taste of the milder beverages than of the hard drinks, otherwise carried and preferred by some of these brethren.

In this, we thought that no judicious person could stigmatize us, especially as men like Seth Low, Bishop Potter, President Eliot of Harvard (yet in the prime of his life), Professor Chittenden of Yale, Hon. Carroll D. Wright, and the rest of the Committee of Fifty of the most eminent men of our land, who made a most valuable, important and exhaustive investigation of all phases of the liquor question, published :

That the great change for the better in the habits of the people, this general recognition and observance of the law of temperance, which is peculiar

to our own times, is to be ascribed chiefly to the greatly increased use of mild fermented beverages, lager beer, ale and wine, and the marked falling off in the consumption of distilled liquors.

Furthermore, as my wife and I had so often heard this Englund citicised and talked about in the homes of our ministers, even in the presence of members of the parishes (on account of his drunkenness), we could not but think of statements similar to what eminent scientists are giving out, such as this, for instance :

Since it is indisputable that the desire for stimulants is the strongest implanted in the breast of man, since he has demanded it, and has procured it in spite of prohibitory laws ever since the days of Noah, is it not far better that he should be supplied with and be encouraged to drink the beverage containing the smallest amount of alcohol and one which is at once healthful and harmless?

My wife, children and I were, furthermore, entirely in the hands of this Englund and chums, of whom one, the pastor in Providence, now professor at Augustana College, Rev. Kjellstrand, is a chum of the influential Dr. C. E. Lindberg, who, as a student for the ministry, boarded in the home of Kjellstrand's parents at Paxton, Ill.

By the way, it is evident to me that in order to assist this Kjellstrand to be on good terms with his most prominent parish leaders, the two contractors who had built the Newport temple, I had been induced to abandon my prosperous condition in 1899 to hurry to Newport and solicit money among the millionaires to pay off the church debt to these contractors, Rev. K. K. Broberg, now returned to Sweden, but then secretary of the New York Conference, having unscrupulously delivered up my private inquiry or query into the hands of the Conference president, Doctor Ahlquist, who, as a chum of the chums, used it as an unconditional application for the place; and who stirred me to go two miles with them (S. Matthew 5 : 41), merely to become a kind of "savior" upon whom to throw their "iniquity."

This same Broberg is recently by Doctor Beck awarded a title A. B., evidently to assist him from "troubles," as such a degree is indispensable to one seeking a position as rector in Sweden.

Contemporaneously, while my degree is still a T. F., Thou Fool, Englund himself is lifted into one of the two editors' chairs of our Synod's denominational paper, *Augustana*, and in connection herewith assisted to a D. D.—degree or title.

ENGLUND AS "TEETOTALER."

Now this denominational paper, *Augustana*, is full of articles displaying what a champion it is against the saloons, etc. So, for in-

stance, in a February issue, of this year, we read among other hot stuff:

The saloon dives are first of all the abodes of crime, where socialism and anarchy have free scope to promulgate their to the community so dangerous doctrines; and where crimes are planned, and vices committed and praised. There is often laid the penny which should have given decent clothes and brighter homes to the wife and children. The crime bags the money; while the saloon-keeper's wife displays in silk, brilliants, etc., and his children make a display as little princes and princesses, etc.

In 1900, at a district meeting in Pontiac, R. I., I had been appointed to preach one of the evenings, and just a little before we, the ministers, were about to leave the parsonage for the church that night Englund had stowed away my satchel, containing the outline of my sermon. While in the church, I hurriedly scribbled down another emergency outline. It was a sight to see how Englund watched my movements. A few years afterwards, a pastor reported that Englund has stated that (though I had not tasted any liquor) I was so drunk that evening that I had put on three ministerial collars, instead of one.

When at that time he could see so many collars on me, I cannot but think that with reference to the wives and children of the saloon-keepers mentioned in the above article from a February number of *Augustana* he has seen things without discrimination. For my part, I cannot remember that I have seen more than five saloon-keepers' wives and children here in America.

Of these one was a near relative of the recently deceased Rev. Sjoblom of Minnesota. I confirmed one of this noble woman's daughters, and both she and her children, as well as those of the other wives of saloon-keepers I have seen, have all been dressed in the simplest of clothes, and I cannot recollect that I have seen any brilliants on them; nay, it seems to me that they looked much plainer than the members of other families.

Nevertheless, I admit that perhaps Englund has seen more of these wives and children than I have, but even if such are dressed in silk, etc., I know that there are lots others dressed in silk, and that there are millions who never visit the saloons and yet are poor and ragged, just as in the Mohammedan countries, where for thirteen hundred years they have practised prohibition, still we find that among these brutal, women-oppressing people there are some dressed in silk, etc., while the great masses, like the by them oppressed and persecuted Armenians, are in rags and stripped bare.

For my own part, after 30 years of the most strenuous endeavors to work for the brotherhood of man and the welfare of mankind, I

find the condition of my home worse than many a drunkard's, while my relentless persecuting brethren in the ministry are nicely floating or tiding over this financial crisis. Yea, it is related in one of the circulars of the Rock Island Tropical Company, selling shares at half price (\$100), that one of the editors of *Augustana*, who went to Mexico to look over the property, has bought 25 shares. And I am quite sure that from the tobacco that Englund, or my successor in Concord, Rev. Norden, are annually consuming, there would be money to buy silk for their respective wives. So, there must be others than saloon keepers who can afford to wear silk and brilliants.

More than that, when I consider how futile my efforts have been to receive human treatment at the hands of the ministerial black-listers, and thus thinking of the experiences I have myself made, I am strongly reminded of the words of Prof. W. A. Wyckoff, famous for his first-hand studies of social conditions. He states:

It is a serious mistake to suppose that saloon keepers as a class are bent upon the destruction of their fellowmen and callous to any appeal for help from their victims. They are often men of quite singular practical helpfulness to the people about them.

The Committee of the Fifty, well-known worthy men in America, devotes a special volume to the subject, "Substitutes for the Saloon." It concedes that "The saloon is the poor man's club in that it offers him, with much that is undoubtedly injurious, a measure of fellowship and recreation for which he would look elsewhere in vain. The laboring man out of employment knows that in some saloons he is likely not only to find temporary relief but assistance in finding work. . . . Many a man has been put on his feet by just this kind of help."

To corroborate this statement, I myself know of a happy family in Chicago lifted up through the husband's association with the saloon. Some 25 years ago this man had merely \$9 a week, but was told that he ought to be able to drive a nail straight through a board and become a carpenter. He was at once assisted to a job on a building, and from that day on he has earned from \$3 to \$3.50 a day; and more than once his happy wife and growing family have expressed their conviction that none of the members of the congregation they belong to would have thought of being such a chum as to raise a fellow up in such a practical and friendly sort o' way.

On the other hand, I know of a hard-working girl in one of our great cities telling me that she had saved several hundred dollars from years of hard work in the sweat shops of that city. Afraid to

trust her money to any of the banks, she asked the treasurer of the congregation she belonged to if she could be allowed to have her money stored in the safe of that sanctuary. When this treasurer left for the West, she could not recover her money.

From such and thousands of similar incidents, it seems to me that teachers in morals and religion have a great responsibility when we direct man's love of destructiveness, so that we do not use witches, saloons, etc., as lightning rods to switch off the strokes that should be directed to the root of the evil. Nay, we ought to take to heart the words of the "winebibber and the friend of the publicans and sinners," who says of the scribes and the pharisees:

But in vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies: These are the things which defile a man.

But with reference to wine, he says: .

"Neither do men put new wine into old bottles: else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish: but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved."

Would it, therefore, not be better if we could pray God that He would speed the day, when the habitual drunkards, the family ruiners, who abuse the stuff sold to them in the saloons, clubs, drug stores, etc., may be proclaimed as subjects to a form of madness and dealt with accordingly; but, also, that the habitual bigots, fanatics, cruel tyrants and criminals of the sanctuary be dealt with in the same manner?

Instead of therefore sitting in an easy chair and getting hold of someone upon whom to direct man's love of destructiveness and disgust, and instead of thus cleaning the outside of the cup and of the platter and to merely appear righteous unto men, would it not be better to make these two places, the saloon and the sanctuary, clean, orderly and decent places from the inside. This is Christ's method. He endeavored to create a new heart in man. His method was love.

A WHOLE CONFERENCE FORBIDS ITS PASTORS AND MEMBERS TO RECEIVE ANY GIFTS FROM THE SALOON-KEEPERS AND BREWERS.

A few months ago, I visited Manchester, and, while in one of the big blocks of that city, entered every one of the doctors' and lawyers' offices to solicit and sell a magazine to get funds for disseminating good, wholesome, Moody-spirited literature and reading. In one of

the offices there happened to be an agent of one of the New England breweries, and he asked me to accept \$25 for the good cause. I looked upon the man as a "good Samaritan" finding the poor man on the Jericho road, where the priest and the Levite had left him bleeding. I accepted the gift and said, "Thank you, sir."

What a shock to me when, in the papers, it is now reported that one of our great conferences, comprising about 200 pastors, has now passed a resolution forbidding pastors and churches to receive any gifts from brewers and saloon-keepers!

As a student for the ministry, during the summer of 1890, in that same conference, I assisted Rev. J. G. Hultkrans of Brainerd, Minn.; and one day he asked me to wait on the sidewalk while he stepped into a saloon to ask for money for his church. And while he was in there and received his contribution, I had occasion to consider the rôle the use of liquors has had with reference to responsibility for crime. To be fair, I could not but admit that both in the Bible and in the world's history, liquor occupies a minor rôle.

Adam's ambition, Cain's jealousy, David's lust and covetousness, Sodom's and Gomorrha's sin, Judas' covetousness were and are the præminent causes of crimes, and the fall of nations as that of Rome, Greece, etc.

If, therefore, my blacklisting bosses are on the alert to use as evidences against me, that I have accepted such gifts, I may rightly ask why, then, does our Synod's official organ, *Augustana*, in laudable terms recently mention that a saloon keeper in Sweden has just donated some precious articles to the big cathedral of Skara, Sweden? Nay, I claim, that in such moves against me, the blacklisters have the whole weight of the Bible against them; where it says that, for instance, in the time of the Old Testament, the people are commanded to pay one tenth of the wine they produce to the church. If God favored prohibition, He would, furthermore, never have allowed to be recorded that the Son of Man manufactured wine at the marriage feast, and that St. Paul directly commands one of his colleagues, Timothy, to use wine with his meals.

For such reasons, the Lutheran pastor at Anderson, Ind., the Rev. Richard Eirich, asserts, that people pretending to be Christians make out of the Founder of Christianity a criminal by their claims that the making, drinking and distributing of wine, beer and like beverages, is wrong.

The great reformer, Pastor Parkhurst of New York, also declares:

I am decidedly of the opinion that the more wine there is produced in this country and the more freely it is transported from state to state the less whiskey will be used, and the smaller amount of drunkenness.

Nay, Bishop Neely of Maine, says:

The clubs are simply coteries of young men who call themselves clubs and get together and have their bottles in their closets. I am sure these clubs have a very bad effect, in that young men who never drank at all previously have done so in the secrecy of the club, as they call it; they would not be seen to drink over a bar, but they do it in the club rooms.

Consequently, Bishop Clark of Rhode Island claims, that prohibition has been disastrous to the cause of temperance.

Another bishop, Hall of Vermont, asserts, "That prohibition drives underground the mischiefs which it seeks to cure, making it more difficult to deal with the evil and impossible to regulate the trade, as, for instance, in the quality of liquor sold."

Cardinal Gibbons, furthermore, reminds us:

We might profitably learn a lesson from the old cities of Europe, which for 2,000 years have been agitating this question. There is not a single city in Great Britain, Ireland or on the Continent which attempts to prohibit by law the sale of liquor. They have learned from a long experience that the best method of regulating this article of commerce is to impose licenses to maintain good order for the protection of the citizens and to punish the violators of the law.

CHAPTER VII.

The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that put their trust in him.

NAHUM 1: 7.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier store;
God's love and blessing; then and there,
And now, and here, and everywhere.

WHITTIER.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

Withal, as to the charge that I permit two of my sons to attend the choir of the Episcopal Church, I am still owing Rev. J. K. Tibbits, of the St. Timothy Episcopal Church, \$25.

Moreover, in November, 1906, when almost on the verge of despair, my family was cheered by a visit from Rev. Tibbits' deaconess, finding my home without food, fuel, etc., Mrs. Holmgren in bed, she having finally collapsed under the untold agonies she had been subjected to, while her faith in the angeldom of ministers was shaken, and we were blacklisted and robbed out of our belongings. And, thus, through Rev. Tibbits, a lift was given me for that moment.

When her son told Mrs. Holmgren of Rev. Tibbits inviting him to join the new choir of St. Timothy's Church, to be instructed by an expert teacher from Oxford, England, she was exceedingly happy to find her depressed son's thoughts led into other channels, the boy and the rest of the children having suffered intensely on account of the atrocities perpetrated against us.

On account of the precarious condition of my wife, nervous prostration, I did not venture to perturb her or to object on the ground that relentless blacklisters would here make a whale out of a herring, and, as they did with reference to my human treatment of the New Sweden cattle, they will have me arraigned for heresy or dementia, for letting the boys attend a choir, where boys from different denominations convene to cultivate their voices, something my children also are in great need of, as, since having abandoned a prosperous charge in Minnesota, the family has been reduced gradually to penury and want, so that we can hardly keep from shivering during the cold winter nights, much less keep a piano, organ, music teachers, etc.

Owing to the previous revolting experiences, it would also have been a most difficult task to persuade the children to associate with any church whatever, if, being expelled and expugned by the "Lutheran" synagogue and insanity commission, on the top of it all, they should be made to understand that other churches were still worse. Therefore, it seemed to be necessary to let the children understand that we ought at least to look for the brotherhood of man wherever there is a chance. Besides, during my school days at Rock Island, Ill., the students were allowed to attend services even in a Presbyterian church. So, I felt comparatively safe that the boys attended a choir belonging to a church, concerning which, in the 17th century, one of the most renowned bishops of Sweden, J. Swedberg, stated that he wished the Swedish clergy, at that time laboring among the new settlers at Delaware, to associate and coöperate with the Anglican clergy. Moreover, at a recent visit in America, a prominent rector from Sweden was the guest of the Episcopal Church, and still, at his return to Sweden, he was not deprived of his tenure of office, and this, in spite of that Rev. Englund, of our Synod's organ, has time and again written articles for the press, denouncing the Episcopal Church for using false pretences, when getting Swedes to join that church.

It may here also be proper to mention that my boys know how rectors of the Episcopal Church have taken a proper stand as over against what we have been subjected to. So, for instance, with reference to the war recently held between the deacons of the old historic First Congregational Church of Springfield, Ill., and the pastor, Rev. Dr. Frank Luther Goodspeed, an Episcopal rector of St. George's Church, Rochester, N. Y., Dr. Richmond, writes in a Springfield paper:

The cheapest and meanest men he ever met were New England church deacons. The honorable influence and distinguished service of Rev. Dr. Goodspeed are known far and wide. No charges have ever been presented against his doctrinal views or moral behavior. The pews are full on Sundays. The finances are in as good a condition as in most large parishes passing through a financial stringency. Therefore, what is the trouble? We ask, of course, as a priest of the Episcopal Church, and believing as I do that Congregationalism, as well as the so-called Protestantism is slowly breaking up and crumbling into a moral decay, I can see in this church row a sign of the approaching decline. Perhaps I am wrong, but I think I am right.

About the meanest and cheapest men I ever met were New England church deacons. In a horse trade look out, and if you have a pretty wife be careful. They are poor weak men like the rest of humanity, no better and often worse.

With reference to my own case, it is also, according to the Bible, my duty to provide for my own, in every way still left open to me;

and if the boys can earn a little by their singing, it is better to do it in a church than in a theater, as one of them was offered to do. Mrs. Holmgren's health is also of the greatest consequence to my family; and it would not be Christian to increase her agonies, and to risk a breakdown again, should I manifest an overdone carking and unnerved anxiety with reference to the blacklisters' insidious bigotry. Not long ago she was in bed again, and when such happens, I am entirely tied to the home.

In this connection we may also mention another thing giving credit to the Episcopal Church. In *The Lutheran* we read the following article, "Another Forward Movement":

This time it is in behalf of an underpaid clergy. In good brotherly fashion, the more favored members of the Episcopal Diocese of New York have agreed to help the less favored. "Metropolitan" on another page gives an interesting account of how this came to pass. The Presbyterians in the western part of Pennsylvania had agitated this matter before, as was reported in *THE LUTHERAN*. To people living in the country, or in the smaller cities and towns, it might seem that \$1,200 and parsonage were quite a respectable provision, for do not the great majority of self-respecting people live on less than that? But they forget that if a pastor in most cities desires to live as nearly all the congregations and missions want him to live, a miracle must be performed which most pastors are not equal to. In the case of our missionaries, in both the larger and smaller cities, it has always seemed to us that the miracle came nearer being performed, for how some of them manage to look as respectable as they do we have never been able to explain. They must be feeding on the hidden manna somewhere. The words of the Episcopal rector, who urged the new departure have something sensible and convincing about them. He said: "A man cannot do good work when he is harassed by bills he cannot pay, and when his wife and children are suffering. I put this resolution on the basis of pure mercy, since the burden of inadequate compensation falls not on the broad shoulders of the curates themselves, but upon the wives and daughters of the clergy." This same movement has long been overdue in the Lutheran Church.

Nay, you having even recently passed a resolution that no pastor over 50 is permitted to ~~belong to~~ ^{join} the Ministers' Aid Association. A big joke on me, who is not given a chance to join it in the prime of my years.

LARGE PROFESSIONS AND LITTLE DEEDS.

Do you not, my hegemonical blacklisters, live in the profusion of plenty, but have no compassion, and suffer myself to beg my bread at your door, and to crave it as it were an alms, what before God you are bound to supply?

In loving consideration for the welfare of the cause you profess

to be yours, in 1899, I capitulated from a prosperous charge, and from an income adequate to meet all my needs. I have undespairingly delivered myself and family in your hands; but you have no compassion, though I have constantly strained myself to do the most good to the church and the people.

Does it behoove confessed disciples of Christ to abhor a brother merely because you divine him to be in possession of such a heart that if you were in his position and he in yours he would not only use the stocks and bonds so many of you are prosperously dealing in, but even the last penny to succor you?

Just consider, while I am speaking to you as a brother in the open, you are from behind, on my back, tabooing me out of my belongings. And why should you hate me? Because I do not want that my and other victims' blood shall be on you; the Spirit of Truth and Love striving to make brethren of humanity, and desiring that the world shall see that there is salt in the church? Ought not disciples of Christ to take to heart the rebuke of President Roosevelt, that wealth-getting becomes a crime, when they obtain it by the sale of all their finer instincts, by the sacrifice of their character, by the violation of the laws of the nation, and by the trespass upon the rights of others to the pursuit of liberty and happiness?

The church cannot conceal its doings; the world knows the occupations of teachers in morals and religion. But the world does not know that ecclesiastical bosses and blacklisters can repent and grow in grace. Does not Judge Burke of Chicago affirm that the great masses of the people are alienated from the churches, because the wedge of gold is hidden in them? Does not even the *Northwestern Advocate* aver that many official members never participate actively in the aggressive spiritual work of the church; such religious and moral condition boding no good; and could not be so, if the laity and clergy were living according to the teachings of the New Testament?

God give us men. The time demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and willing hands;

* * * * *

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.

For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds
Mingle in selfish strife, lo, Freedom weeps!
Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps.

Instead of corroborating that darkness and love of unrighteousness in the church has often caused persecution against those who love the truth; and, instead of instilling the people to assist in "murdering" and outlawing a brother, would it not be proper and human to take to heart the words of the Scriptures in Deut. 27:18: "Cursed be he that maketh the blind to wander out of the way. And all the people shall say, Amen."

CHRISTIANITY *versus* MOHAMMEDANISM.

Indeed, it would be far better to take to heart even the words of rebuke from Emperor William to missionaries:

During my visit to the holy places and to the Protestant and Catholic institutions of Palestine I met with one disappointment after another. Here, in the Church of the Nativity, which ought to serve as an example of pious charity and a pure Christian life, I meet the very reverse of charity and Christianity.

I am not surprised that Christianity remains unpopular in the Orient, and that Mohammedanism, with its fallacious teachings, still holds sway. How can it be otherwise, when you clergymen are everlastingly quarrelling over dogmatic questions, neglecting to teach true Christian charity and a pure life in emulation of Christ Jesus?

I admonish every one of you to repent of your life of callous indifference and cold formal worship. Leave the ways of the old church and enter at once upon the higher and broader principles of the new Christianity, which seems to live as much as possible in the spirit of the Gospel. I warn you that unless you do this you will exert but little influence on the Mohammedans, and you will blight the hopes of your brethren who have sent you here as missionaries.

In editorial comment on these utterances *The Lutheran Observer* of Philadelphia says:

Here is a king who knows what is the chief business of a Christian ministry, and who tells it plainly. It would be well if the kaiser were to deliver a similar rebuke to the quarrelsome dogmatizers in Germany and in this country, where it is quite as much needed as among the Lutheran missionaries in Palestine and other dominions of the sultan. By their dogmatic intolerance and quarrels about speculative non-essentials, they distract the church, and alienate the people from Christianity.

THE MOTE AND THE BEAM.

Therefore, as to a brother's sanity and standing, would it not be well if teachers in morals and religion would pursue a human and Christian course of action, and grant a brother in a predicament a fair trial? Does not Christ declare, "Why beholdest thou the mote

that is your brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

When, for instance, in 1904, hegemonical brethren disgracefully deprived me of a good extra income, they retorted that a mote had been detected in my eye for having manifested a charitable spirit towards the New Sweden cattle and their owners. In condemning me for such, do these coarse-grained faultfinders really think that all humanity, even the more fine-grained division, would side with them in such verdict? Or, do they think that nothing can be found in their own eyes, enough to provoke God to let them be subjected to the same inhuman treatment they have brought me and family under?

Indeed, what are these absurd and "childish" charges you prefer against me, if, for instance, compared to what took place while Englund was still superintendent of the Orphans' Home at Jamestown, N. Y.?

In those days, Sater, now pastor at Bessemer, Mich., on a visit to Minnesota, stayed one night in my home at Tracy, Minn.; and, unnoticed by me, he then and there made use of my "letter-heads" for writing down some grave accusations against Englund.

Informed of this, I strongly protested; and I also implored Sater to weigh the matter more, and to remember that, may be, Englund was on the verge of repenting, and would act accordingly.

From what was reported later on, Sater, however, brought the matter before the New York Conference, where one of the minor items, I even had ridiculed Sater for using at all, was taken up at first; whereupon Englund brought forth witnesses, proving that Mrs. Sater, the former nurse at the Orphans' Home, was wrong. At that juncture, one of the pastors moved that the whole thing be dropped, which motion was carried.

Even if you think you have a right to expect more from me, having spent years and years in schools to prepare for my calling in life; still, the punishment you suffer me to taste, on account of imaginary wrongs, are altogether too much out of proportion to the honor and esteem these two men are assisted to; though either the one or the other must have been guilty of an offense of the most grave nature.

CHAPTER VIII.

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins, *and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*

1 JOHN 1:9.

TROUBLES AND MISTAKES.

And as to troubles you claim that I have had, and for which you throw stones at me, have you never had any? Take, for instance, you, Brother Zetterstrand, pastor at Naugatuck, Conn., and secretary of the conference, and by Dr. Beck recently awarded the title of Doctor, and who as a conference official is on the verge of or on the spring to disgracefully discharge or depose me from my belongings, were you yourself not in trouble a few years ago, when, according to the reports from the Synod's school, indignant students made you resign from the position as teacher in Swedish language and to recoil into the ministry?

And as to mistakes have you never made any? Don't you think it possible for God to develop your natural endowments to that extent that you will consider your treatment of me 20 years ago a mistake, when, as a seminary student, you was used by Dr. Lindberg's chum, Rev. C. M. Esbjorn, to assist as teacher in the Swedish language? By being invested with full power to examine the freshmen students and to determine their marks, you had full liberty to supply aid to Rev. Esbjorn in his work to dishearten me, in contradistinction to the other professors' endeavors to cheer me to persevere in preparing for the ministry, which cheer, for instance, consisted in that a professor, a man of old Yankee stock, Dr. Williamson, instilled me to not let certain incivility and unfriendliness I was subjected to, prey on my heart; it being, he said, merely due to enviousness that I met such incivility.

Do you, Zetterstrand, remember how once in the class room of the freshman class, where Rev. Esbjorn, the curator, at my arrival at Rock Island, floutingly had placed me, ordered me to parse a Swedish sentence? But, on the strength of your previously made express declaration that the students' marks will entirely depend upon the final examination, and, as on my own hook, at that very time, I had delved into some extra work in American history and language, contingently re-

quiring all the time available, I begged to be exempted from parsing in the class, as it was 14 years since I had passed through these freshman studies, concerning which I promised to rub off the rust a day or two before the final decisive examination. Nevertheless, you insisted upon this class room display, evincing what is apt to get out of one's head after so many years, especially in a subject never used in daily life.

Then, contrary to established custom, when, at the close of the term, the final test had been made, you did not return the papers, thereby retaining all in darkness as to whether I had succeeded in rubbing off the rust, and if I was entitled to a 100 mark. Oscar Benson, a minister's son, now deceased, claimed, however, that he had been up in your room and had been permitted to see the papers, and that my answers were all correct; contrary to the comparatively very low mark awarded me in the class certificate. Though, in those days, my favorite author was Thomas à Kempis, it was, nevertheless, difficult for me not to ponder over that you yourself had made a mistake in thus treating your pupil.

And as to you, Rev. Norrby, the treasurer of the conference, and who, as another of the four officials, is on the spring to get your harborless brother blackballed and utterly degraded, do you never make mistakes?

When, in that dark and dreary night between November 19-20, 1907, you reprimanded that exceptionally good woman, Mrs. Holmgren, for not submitting to the wrongdoers, and for not belonging to and siding with the Concord synagogue and insanity commission; when you thus made that benign Elizabeth quiver under your home-thrusts, you may not have thought that you made a mistake.

However, if you could have followed that sympathizing soul from her childhood up, how incessantly she has sacrificed every comfort and every penny for the cause of church and humanity, yea, defended and cheered her pastors, who, with incomes of over \$2,500 a year, hardly had any conception of what those willing hands and that sacrificing heart did for them, while, as a member of churches in the West, she often had an income barely enough to keep her alive, all in order to be able to assist others. If you could have followed this heroic Christian soul struggling and denying herself to assist the sick and the suffering, etc., till in her later years, with her husband and children, she has faithfully and trustingly borne up under the inhumanities and cruelties unrelenting blacklists have subjected her home to, —you would then, perhaps, find that your selfishness will capitulate

to your conscientiousness and benevolence, so that, even in this life, you may go far enough to ask for forgiveness for those cruel reviles in that dismal night, when you cast the reproaches, merely because she had taken the only Christian step a loving Christian could take against the enemies of Christ, the real Christ, who even in former ages was expelled from the synagogue, that even a Paul had to leave and go to the Gentiles to teach them, that true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth.

And even if you, Norrby, thereby have earned the favor of Aslev, that he, as patron and friend, got you an adulatory call from the Lowell parish, to be vacated by Aslev in April, no doubt there will come a time when such victory will weigh on your soul as the Judas money crushed that poor disciple; else there would be no balance in the universe.

“DO NOT ENVY THE OPPRESSOR!”

And as to you, Rev. Aslev, my neighbor at Lowell, Mass., do you never make a mistake? True enough, as a profound natural philosopher and thinker, you have a cognizance of that under our system, the supercilious hegemonical brethren, though practical and perceptive men, are, nevertheless, deficiently developed in the reflective faculties, and thus, as the famous Charles the Twelfth, easily duped and lacking the gift of discriminating between real and fictitious friends, etc., their minds chiefly dwelling on mere outer things.

You may thus have cognizance of that by flattering one class of brethren and by slanderer another, especially those so engrossed in pure humanitarian work as to neglect to look after their own safety, it is possible for even comparatively uneducated ministers to secure the fattest of charges, as often as they are driven to resign, as, Rev. Jacobson of Cambridge, Mass., already a couple of years ago related, that provoked members of the humbler class at Lowell pressed you to erect the scaffolding for leaving, and securing another call, you now have received from Lemont, Ill.

In 1902, at the time I was shrewdly brushed aside from my unquestioned splendid chance of securing for myself this Lowell congregation, you told me that a long time ago, while you still were out West, you had received a promise to get this parish by Dr. Beck, whose near relative at that time was the leading member of that parish. At this juncture, you also courted the favor of Rev. Jacobson, who made the decisive move at the meeting when you received the call. A move, concerning which, Rev. Linell told me how pro-

voked he had been, while in a steam car, hearing you and Jacobson speak as if God had nothing to do when it matters calling a pastor to a congregation.

In those very days, you must have courted even the favor of the president of the Boston District, the aged Rev. C. F. Johansson of Boston, Mass., who, by recommending the otherwise jilted or rejected Rev. J. P. Dahleen to take my place as temporary acting pastor at Lowell, deprived me of an excellent opportunity of securing that call, instead of you, and concerning which one of the conference officials, Rev. G. E. Forsberg, wrote to me on November 13, 1902:

Johansson's course of proceedings is an insult to our entire clergy and especially to the brethren of the Boston District. It cannot but arouse the deepest anguish, indignation and harm in the heart of every right-minded pastor, etc.

After having secured this parish, Rev. Jacobson and his wife relate that once you came to their home and told the tale that I am never at home attending the meetings of the Concord sewing circle; something Jacobson, however, told you to be a big lie.

Merely judging from this incident, it is evident that your methods are always the same: flattery and calumny. To corroborate this, in His providential care, God also granted me a testimonial already from the time you were a temporary student at Rock Island, Ill. This testimonial is Rev. Nordstrom's letter to me, which letter I beg leave to here remind you of:

WOODHULL, ILL., June 23, 1892.

Dear Brother Holmgren:

I was very much grieved and provoked, having read Swenson's letter to Erikson, and what is most of all provoking is that this Erikson, who, by the way, is a subdulous and evil-minded personality, has read the letter to some of his schoolmates, at the same time passing the remarks that I had cheated him of \$24; and what most of all is preying on my mind is that he did not turn to me to find out about the matter; but it came to my knowledge through Aslev, who is just ordained.

Fraternally,

A. M. NORDSTROM.

True enough, this Erickson is, under another name, laboring as a minister of the Augustana Synod, he being comparatively unharmed by your methods of working.

At all events, does not, at least at times, your deficiently developed conscientiousness prevail upon your very large reflectives, so that your intellect compels you to admit that it is a mistake to not talk to the brethren, instead of talking of them? Your exceptionally large

intellect ought at least in brighter moments compel you to think that, after all, there must be a balance in *universum*, even if your fine reflectives and perceptives are not balanced by an equally fine conscientiousness, making your tears resemble crocodile tears instead of a brother's, and making you come under the smarting sentence of Cowper's assertion :

I would not number among my list of friends, though gifted with fine manners and good sense, the man who'd needlessly set foot on a worm.

Nay, have you never noticed the words of Solomon? "Do not envy the oppressor!"—words signifying that victories and trophies gained by such methods are of no lasting value, and a big mistake to go after.

"ONE FLESH OF MEN, AND ANOTHER FLESH OF BEASTS."

And as to you all, brethren of the Augustana Synod, no matter if it would be wrong to expect that the present day disciples of Christ should be such a select and picked body, that only every twelfth would be a Judas, etc., and no matter if even that splendid first set of disciples in the critical moment began to be sorrowful and to say to Christ one by one, "Is it I who is going to betray Thee?" and who, also, left their friend and fled, they however, later on getting power to make a bold front,—still, in view of that the printing press and the protection thereby afforded humanity has changed the condition to even the disciples of Christ, is it not, then, a great mistake to be so afraid of "the bosses" as to leave a brother, like another Joseph, in the pit crying for mercy, for months and for years under the sole discretion and jurisdiction of a set of "chums," from whose oppression he endeavors to flee?

To let a witch remain a witch, and to permit all invectives to be thrown at her as being full of hate, malice, etc., and let those on the top of her remain angels, worthy holy persons of Christian tact, charity and discretion, and not to mind the witch, unless she appears to be "lucky" enough to secure a lawyer to appeal to "Parliament or Congress to repeal the statutes against witches, against the express law of God," must be a mistake, at least in the sight of God, who claims that there is one flesh of men, and another flesh of beasts, and another flesh of birds, and another flesh of fishes.

THE ACCOMMODATING SPIRIT MANIFESTED IN THE FIRST CIRCULARS.

If, in my natural reluctance to cause others trouble, and in my delight to make personal sacrifices to render others happy, too much

lenity is manifested in my first circular letters, I having omitted to take into consideration that my coarse-grained blacklisters by nature are impotent to appreciate the accommodating spirit manifested in my anxiety to be mild and merciful in my censures, which lenity they are construing as simply tokens of incapacity of proving anything; if I, therefore, have found out my mistake in having misplaced my sympathies, why can it not be possible that at least 500 of the brethren will see your mistake in not having granted a ready undissembling response to the first signal of distress from a garroted brother? By neglecting to do this, have you not exalted the bad habits of the many who are so apt to pass judgment on a man, not with reference to whether he is a fit or unfit public servant, but with reference to whether he is an executive or legislative officer.

Can it be anything but a mistake to throw invectives at your brother as thanks for his accommodating spirit manifested in his circulars, where in "practicable goodness" opportunity has been afforded to meet him half way? Instead of calling your brother hateful, why can you not size him up from the circumstance that he has sacrificed a calling, in which, if he had spent as much time and energy for completing the preparations for it, and later on in filling it, he would have had a munificent income? So, also, in 1890, when at the sight of Dr. Lindberg in the seminary, he was scared away from entering that institution, and was offered a bright future by the *Minnesota Stat's Tidning*, or paper, he also then gave away to the remonstrances and expostulations of the two presidents of the Synod's school, these men admitting that there was more money in store for me in other callings, but that the Lord wanted me as pastor in the service of the Synod.

Later on, as pastor, with an income of \$1,400 a year on a growing field, I capitulated to your implorations that in all likelihood the Newport mission would be lost to the Synod if I did not go there, after having taken up the precious time by writing a letter to a former schoolmate, which letter you unjustly claimed to be an unconditional application.

Can it be a right that the present conference president, as the mouthpiece of the conference conscience, is obliged to state:

You know, Holmgren, that I cannot do anything for you, as you have against you all the Conference officials from the time you served at Newport.

When, at Newport, I was told to even beg for my salary among the millionaires, did I not then take upon myself more than one man's work in order to satisfy not only my own conscience, but also your

whims, who had laid upon my shoulders a superhuman task, on which you wanted my future to depend?

Is it right to now condemn me as being a hateful, morose person, when in fact my great fault is that my benevolence has been so predominant as to not be placed under an adequate consideration? If for such reasons you condemn me as being of an unbalanced mind, and if for such reasons, you are on the spring to place me in an asylum, or otherwise throw me overboard, you are on the verge of performing a mistake, the consequences of which would be so disastrous to your eternal welfare, that, in my love for you, I desire to invoke you not to undertake such a rash stroke of policy.

THE ASSERTION OF THE CONFERENCE PRESIDENT.

In 1896, Rev. L. G. Almen, who in 1900 neglected to fulfil his promise, made to me, to report to the statistician of the Minnesota Conference the great accessions made by me in 1899, before I left for Newport, R. I., asserted before the congregation of Bethania, Mason, Minn., that he never saw a man so ready to confess his faults and shortcomings as I. Truly, if, in the past, and in obedience to the precepts of Thomas à Kempis, I have always thought lowly of myself, as the chiefest of sinners, and highly of the brethren, and my disposition has been an excessive humility, is it not a mistake of teachers of morals and religion to take advantage of such, thereby resembling poultry, pecking a newcomer if he does not peck back again, or as, referring to the condition of the Synod, Nelsenius writes to me:

Yes, it is true that they who can elbow and shove themselves forward will in most cases secure the fat position, while the others are driven to the wall or cast adrift.

No wonder that this president hides himself under the excuse that he has offered me a place or chance to canvass books for the Synod. However, being denied a clean record from so many years of incessant hard service as minister, there is no guarantee given that now, at a more advanced age, I would suit the blacklisters in any other capacity. Consequently, by leaving in disgrace now would give me an assurance that my other services in other directions would terminate not only likewise, but still more disastrous and aggravating. Besides, my intelligence tells me that the Augustana Book Concern would do much better to employ as its agent men of good reputation and of excellent official record.

If I have had a comparatively larger attendance at services, and if

I have had a comparatively larger success in my work than the blacklisters have had; and if the instinct of self-preservation tells these brethren that it is their duty to prove before the public or the congregations that such men as I, notwithstanding their seeming great success, are totally unfit to be ministers, why should these blacklisters all the time employ lies and calumnies to verify their statements and moves? Why can they not get hold of my real faults and defects instead of jumping at chimeras?

And even if you could get hold of one of my real faults, you have no right to *causelessly give publicity* to it. We have no right to utter general conclusions respecting the characters of men drawn from a particular bad action which they may have committed. The president of Brown University, Dr. Wayland, here states:

How unjust it must be to proclaim a man destitute of a whole class of virtues because of one failure in virtue! How much more unjust on account of one fault to deny him all claim to any virtue whatsoever! Yet such is frequently the very object of calumny. And, in general, this form of vice is added to that just noted. Men first, in violation of the law of reciprocity, make public the evil actions of others; and then, with a malignant power of generalization, proceed to deny their claims, not only to a whole class of virtues, but not unfrequently to all virtue whatsoever,

as, for instance, I am declared wholly unfit and unworthy of the office as a minister of the Gospel, and this horrible dictu, though the charges preferred against me are all based on falsehood and malicious calumny.

These blacklisters and persecutors have forgotten that they are forbidden causelessly to injure another, even if he have done wrong. Thereby they have forced me to follow the rule that whenever justice can be done, or innocence protected, in no other manner than by a course which must injure him, we are under no such prohibition. Just here Doctor Wayland rightly remarks:

No man has a right to expect to do wrong with impunity; much less has he a right to expect that, in order to shield him from the just consequences of his actions injustice should be done to others, or that other men (such as Nyström, Frank Swanson, Olander, Hedeén, Jacobson, etc.) shall by silence deliver up the innocent and unwary into his power.

The principle by which we are to test our own motives, in speaking of that which may harm others, is this: When we utter anything which will harm another, and we do it either without cause, or with pleasure, or thoughtlessly, we are guilty of calumny. When we do it with *pain and sorrow for the offender*, and from the severe motive of *protecting the innocent*, of *promoting the ends of public justice*, or *for the good of the offender himself*, and speak of it only to such persons and in such manner as is consistent with these ends,

we may speak of the evil actions of others, and yet be wholly innocent of calumny.

We are therefore bound to speak of the faults of others:

1. *To promote the ends of public justice.* He who conceals a crime against a society renders himself a party to the offence. We are bound to speak of it in order that it may be brought to trial and punishment. The ordinary prejudice against informing is unwise and immoral. He who, *from proper motives*, informs against crime performs an act as honorable as that of the judge who tries the case, or of the juror who returns the verdict. That this *may be done* from improper motives alters not the case. A judge *may* hold his office for the love of money, but this does not make the office despicable.

2. *To protect the innocent.* If I know of a plan laid for the purpose of seduction (or other crime) I am bound to make use of that knowledge to defeat it. All that is required here is that I know what I assert to be the fact, and that I use it simply for the purposes specified.

3. *For the good of the offender himself.* No wicked person has a right to expect that the community will keep his conduct secret from those who have a right specially to be informed of it. He who does is partaker in the guilt.

Alexander Hamilton, in the trial of Henry Crosswell, also unfolds the doctrine of the liberty of the press in the following remarkable words:

The liberty of the press consists in the right to publish with impunity the *truth*, with *good motives*, and for *justifiable ends*, whether it respects governments, magistrates, or individuals.

This is also the reason why I have tried to prevail upon the Synod's organ, *Augustana*, to take up the case, so as to bring about a fair treatment of the issues involved. This is also the reason why I sent the bulk of items contained in this book to a few of the ministers, and why I asked the Synod's vice-president, etc., to assist in getting the matter printed in any of the plants of the Synod. And only when all these efforts proved to be futile did I begin to employ private printers, though with the understanding that only those more directly concerned should have a copy of these letters, wherein I have endeavored to generalize and as much as possible avoid mentioning the faults of the blacklisters, except in cases where it has been unavoidable to meet their own unwarrantable actions.

Withal, this book does not cover the whole subject, and another volume may consequently have to be issued, the letters and evidences of the matter being stored up in a safe vault here in New Hampshire.

There is no use for the blacklisters to claim that the money spent for printing these articles ought to have been used to pay debts, etc. Those who have advanced this money would feel offended if it were not used for the purpose they intended it for. Preaching and witnessing to the truth will thus be carried on by me, who believes

that if Jesus himself would incognito take a job in the service of the Synod, in their present state of mind, the blacklisters would be the first to advise the nailing of Him to some board, etc.

Having merely warned some Concord leaders that God is on my side, and that it is wrong of them to think that, in the sight of God, they only are murderers who plunge a steel knife through their victims; and, in order to escape a trap set for me, one Sunday, 1906, instead of the secretary of the parish, I having insisted upon reading the minutes of the general meeting of the parish, I have been declared to be unaccountable for my actions, etc., when for such and similar reasons I have been thrown to the dogs and driven helplessly into debts, etc.;—what would such blacklisters or leaders have done to Jesus, who dared to call a Herod “a fox,” and the dignified leaders of the people “vipers,” and a disciple “Satan,” etc.; nay, who even whipped people, and about whom Publius Lentulus, governor of Judea, wrote to the senate of Rome that this Jesus was terrible in reproving and of a countenance such as the beholder may both love and fear? Nay, what would these blacklisters have done to David, who, according to I Sam. 21, to save his life even feigned himself mad in the hands of the king of Achish, and scrabbled on the doors of the gate and let the spittle fall upon his beard?

Here it may perhaps be proper to clear away possible misunderstandings as to the reasons for the sudden close of my labors at Gardner. To do so, I beg leave to hereby disclose my letter addressed to that parish in July, the 19th, and printed in *Skandinavia*, when no protection could be secured from the Conference officials:

To the beloved church council and members of the Scandinavian Lutheran Church of Gardner, Mass.: Grace and Peace!

When in April your call extended to me was accepted, it was done with the understanding that the ministerial bosses, who have caused my present straitened condition, would finally render it possible for me to leave Concord in the middle of this month, if not before. In this my belief, I was sustained by the resolutions carried at the meeting of the Synod in June, 1907, which resolution, printed in the records of the Synod, reads as follows:

CONTRIBUTION TO PASTOR C. J. A. HOLMGREN.

On account of a petition from the New York Conference to, if possible, assist Pastor Holmgren in his present straitened situation, it was carried:

1. That a contribution at the rate of \$2 from each pastor be taken up for the benefit of Pastor Holmgren.

2. That Pastor J. A. Bernhard be steward of his money.

3. That the Conference presidents see to it that this resolution is carried out.

From this promised and publicly announced source I have still to expect \$748.02. The amount given me during the past thirteen months has been for-

warded in such small sums that the adequate and lasting benefit from such contributions has been withheld from me, who needed the whole amount at once in order to render an honorable removal from Concord possible instead of, as now, compelling me to spend it on traveling expenses on my Sunday visits to Gardner, I having all this time been kept in suspense by the decoy or vain hope that the bulk of this contribution was on its way to make it possible for us to move within a short time. My friends and creditors, who have assisted us hitherto in keeping the wolf from the door, have also strongly advised me to endeavor to get things straightened up before I leave Concord, where I am well known for years.

The ecclesiastical rules prescribing that a pastor has to move to a congregation within three months after accepting its call, and the time now being up, there remains nothing else than that the congregation convenes to extend a call to a pastor who can come within the stipulated time, or else to resolve to wait for the possibility for me to come some time in the near future, although the prospects are not very bright, as, for instance, Rev. Bernhard has written to one of my creditors that after this nothing more will be paid to me, thereby branded as a deceiver and absconder, the public being ignorant of the fact that the ministerial bosses have deprived me of the moral and financial support every pastor has a right to expect and demand from his church. Thus, for instance, during my first two years in Concord I received only \$150 from the board of the Conference, while my successor, Rev. Norden, was assisted to \$500. Such injustices may give an inkling of the many other wrongs perpetrated against me under the old pretext of the lamb and the wolf by the brook.

During the eleven months I have served you, particularly on Sundays, I have strived to comply with your cherished wishes that I should come to you well recommended from my last charge. To that end I tried to get our Swedish New England weekly, *Svea*, to right the wrongs it perpetrated on February 7, 1906, when that paper allowed its Concord correspondent to publicly brand me as one using the weapons of lies when stating that the membership of the congregation had almost doubled during my ministry. Having in view to remove to Gardner this summer, I therefore desired to ask the people of Concord to be allowed to leave them with a clean record. To that end, I caused to be printed in *Svea* of the 24th of last June the names of the respective members of the congregation, and requested that each name should be taken up and an investigation made as to my rights of having used them in my statement. The names were printed, but instead of compelling him to dwell on the names, the editor of *Svea* allowed its correspondent to reply by bringing in a number of other accusations, evidently to get the attention of the public from the propriety of a fair trial and a consistent discussion on the unjust charges made against me in 1906. Anyone can see that with such persecutors there is no chance for a wronged man to get his rights, especially as *Svea* refused to take in any more replies made by me.

When the apostles Paul and Silas were imprisoned at Philippi, Paul asserted: "They have beaten us openly uncondemned, being Romans, and have cast us into prison; and now they do thrust us out privily? Nay, verily, but let them come themselves and fetch us out."

Without trial, my ministerial bosses have abused me without just cause, I having done nothing but my Christian duty in developing the congregations and faithfully and successfully working for the welfare of my church. Such

crimes or offenses committed by the Conference officials against me are contrary to the laws of nature and of all nations, to wit, even against the American laws, according to which as an American citizen I ought to have been exempted from such evil treatment. These bosses do now want to thrust me out from Concord in such a way that no one shall know of my innocence.

With the examples of Paul and Silas before me, the Spirit of Truth and Mercy demands that those who publicly disgraced me ought also to publicly announce my innocence. The treatment I have been subjected to is in fact a good deal more inhuman than the apostles were subjected to. When they left their prison they did not leave a number of creditors, whom, notwithstanding their willingness to do them right, they were rendered unable to compensate. Nay, in contrast to this, I am not only branded as an object of ridicule and pity, barring the chances of promotion in my church, but as a deceiver on account of my unavoidable debts, that will ruin and impede my progress in whatever new calling I may enter. No wonder that one of the ex-officials of the Conference could write to me that he considers me to have been treated, to say the least, shamefully and unrighteously as a reward for all my incessant and faithful services.

During the late years I have by means of circular letters endeavored to implore the bosses to be more considerate in the future, and see to it that the ministers of the Gospel may not be spoken against as evil doers; also reminding them of the difficulties connected with moving my large family into an entirely new community, as matters now stand.

Last year, a Nebraska pastor answered me upon one of my circulars that if it were the will of God that I should receive a call to continue as pastor of a church, he would get me a call, no matter how many were against it and tried to hinder it. Simultaneously (in August, last year) Pastor Linell of this Gardner congregation received a stroke of paralysis, and at once he wrote and implored me to assist him a Sunday or two until he would recover from the shock, he at the same time stating that God would recompense me for assisting him. When he did not recover as soon as he had expected, he kept on imploring me to keep on yet a little while, etc., until at last, seeing there were no prospects of his recovery, the congregation, in January of this year, asked me to become the successor of your beloved sick pastor.

But, notwithstanding that the prison doors were opened, independent of the wishes of the authorities, Paul and Silas did not leave their prison at Philippi before the authorities came and brought them out. But, notwithstanding that my bosses have before them the good example set forth by the actions of the heathen authorities of Philippi, who restored to the apostles the respect due them, my bosses do firmly resist the spirit of God, and, as Pharaoh of old, hinder me making use of this call from Gardner. Nay, their accomplice, the paper *Svea*, is doing its share to hinder me by refusing me a fair chance to answer the charges preferred in that paper February 7, 1906, when even the name of the Conference president, Dr. G. Nelsenius, was used to render the libel or accusation credible.

Thus, even if, through the unsearchable ways of God, the door has been opened for me to serve as your pastor, I am stopped by my bosses, who resist the spirit of truth and charity. No man is able to fill a calling unless he possesses the prerequisites needed to fill that calling, which prerequisites for a minister of the Gospel is what the apostle gives in I Tim. 3:17: "Moreover, he must have a good report of them which are without, lest he fall into re-

proach and the snare of the devil." Besides all this, the bosses having denied me the hand of fellowship in the spirit of comradeship, will, as they have done in Concord, withhold from me the income I need for my family, etc., here in Gardner; and for me to scatter my energies between the parish duties and other work to earn a little extra will give occasion for the old pretext of the lamb and the wolf by the brook, and the work of my skulking, envious brethren and tools of the ring would then have still worse disastrous consequences, I having not yet been reassured of the protection the pastors of the Synod are entitled to and without which they are unable to persevere in their calling.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace.
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain.
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

Pray for us. For with the apostle do we declare, we trust that we have a good conscience, in all things willing to live honestly.

The God of Peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen.

With sincere gratitude to you all for all the love and reverence shown me in the past, I am yours in the Lord,

(Signed) C. J. A. HOLMGREN.

Nay, why should there not be a limit to even the power of ministerial blacklisters? A former president of the Boston District writes me that there are occasions when we neither can nor are allowed to remain silent. Furthermore, even the wives and children of ministers in predicament do not want their husbands and fathers to despair, or to do as Rev. A. J. Wheeler, whom the "devil of debt" drove to drowning in the Hudson, and concerning whom the papers state that he was formerly a pastor in Concord, and that he suddenly left the city under a moral and financial cloud.

This latter incident reminds me of the hunter who shot a tiger and thought he had killed him, but on his approaching the tiger sprang up and, seizing the hunter by the knee, crushed the bone and then fell back dead. The hunter found himself unable to walk and his cries were not heard. After a few hours, however, he forgot the

tiger and even the broken bones in his terrific struggle with thousands of little ants. The prominent writer who relates this asserts that it is so in many human experiences. It is not the great tiger of calamity that kills us, but the little ant worries of everyday life, something these blacklisters and sycophants must be well aware of in their inveterate struggles to evade granting a brother his human rights.

In a letter to the vice-president of the Synod, I have long ago admitted that it must be against the very grain of depraved human nature to dare stand up for an oppressed brother against a powerful ring of chums, who, like the judge in St. Luke 18, has no regard for any one, these being rather inclined to side with Saul, who confesses in Acts 22: 20:

And when the blood of Stephen, thy witness, was shed, I also was standing by and consenting, and keeping the garments of them that slew him.

Still, as Saul was converted, there is hope that the conscientiousness and benevolence of the majority of the brethren, together with the unction from on high, will make it possible for your poor brother and others with him to escape from being condemned in the dark, but receive the needed succor against these blacklisters, who, in their cloak of righteousness, have turned their backs on him.

Indeed, I am so conscious of wishing well to others that I hardly doubt of others' good will toward myself; and it is so hard for me to believe that the majority of you would have such a small organ of benevolence that you would be utter disbelievers in disinterested goodness, and regard generosity which has no selfish end as imbecility.

Nay, why should not ministers of the Gospel, teachers in morals and religion, follow up the admonition:

Judge not! Thou canst not tell how soon the look of bitter scorn
May rest on thee, though pure thy heart as dew-drops in the morn.
Thou dost not know what freak of fate may place upon thy brow
A cloud of shame to kill the joy that rests upon it now.

Judge not!

Judge not! but rather in thy heart let gentle pity dwell.
Man's judgment errs, but there is One who "doeth all things well."
Ever throughout the voyage of life this precept keep in view:
"Do unto others as thou wouldst that they should do to you."

Judge not!

Judge not! for one unjust reproach an honest heart can feel
As keenly as the deadly stab made by the pointed steel.
The worm will kill the sturdy oak, though slowly it may die,
As surely as the lightning stroke swift rushing from the sky.

Judge not!

PART II.

CHAPTER IX.

I would not number among my list of friends, though gifted with fine manners and good sense, the man who'd needlessly set foot upon a worm.

COWPER.

THE INTERDICT.

Besides a box of groceries from some Concord charity, following malediction or interdict arrived on Thanksgiving Day, 1908:

We, the undersigned, are herewith discharging the painful duty of imparting to you the decision made at the meeting of the New York Conference officials, Brooklyn, N. Y., November 16, 1908:

WHEREAS, Pastor C. J. A. Holmgren has not complied with the resolutions carried December 3, 1907, he being still outside of a congregation of the Augustana Synod, and as also he has sent out another circular, in its contents alike those previously sent, therefore, at their meeting of November 16, 1908, which, though summoned, Pastor Holmgren failed to attend; and in compliance with aforesaid resolutions, and after the warnings from the president and the other officials have all been futile, carried that, until next general meeting of the Conference, Pastor Holmgren is suspended from the ministry, "deeply" deploring that such step had to be taken.

GUSTAF NELSENIUS, *President,*

Brooklyn, N. Y.

E. A. ZETTERSTRAND, *Secretary of the Conference,*

Naugatuck, Conn.

Together with this communication, the Synod's official organ, *Augustana*, under the heading "Suspension," falsely alleges that an impartial investigation and trial had been held during two days, November 19 and 20, 1907, it being then ascertained that my circular statements could not be maintained as true.

Consequently, before a large circle of readers in America and Sweden, secular Swedish papers in the United States are publishing the following:

Because of having circulated grave though undemonstrable accusations against the New York Conference officials, and as he does not belong to a congregation, Pastor C. J. A. Holmgren of Concord, N. H., is, until next general meeting of the Conference, suspended.

Thus, in contrast to my own brotherly and justifiable endeavors in private circulars to appeal solely before the parties more directly concerned to get the bush-fight and blacklisting declared off, neck and heel, they have now ruthlessly dragged me, as the witches of old, an object of scorn and contempt, before the general public of two hemispheres.

WHEN A MAN IS DOWN.

That blacklisters have free access to the press is furthermore plain from the following article in the Swedish New England weekly, *Svea*, of February 7, 1906:

The circumstances rendering it necessary, it is hereby made public that *Svea's* Concord correspondent, . . . has had nothing whatever to do with the notice in *Svea* of last week, with reference to the annual meeting of the Lutheran congregation of this place. Nevertheless, many have asked me how I could make myself guilty of such exaggerations, etc., and I readily admit that if I had been the author of said notice these reprehensions would have been warranted. In the notice referred to, among other things, it is asserted: "The number of communicants has already reached the one hundred mark, and has actually doubled within the nearly four years Pastor Holmgren has served the congregation." Indeed, this sounds well! However, if one wants to battle for a good cause why not make use of the weapons of truth? From the pastor's report at the annual meeting of 1902, which report, by the way, was such that it could be accepted, it shows that the communicant number at that time was eighty-eight; and as in this congregation accounts close at each calendar year, it may be interesting to know that December 31, 1905, the communicant number was eighty-nine. How, then, could the number have doubled? At the request of members of the church council these comments are made by the correspondent. The annual meeting is to be continued tomorrow night, when the president of the New York Conference will be present.

At present it will be a somewhat difficult matter to trace who of the *Svea* staff permitted the above screwed criticism to be published, as the two Swedish New England weeklies, *Svea* and *Skandinavia*, since that time have changed owners, so that, for instance, *Skandinavia* is now under the control of former *Svea* owners, while the former *Skandinavia* manager is now *Svea's* manager. These changes have been so radical that even Gardner's *Skandinavia* correspondent, who, while I labored in Gardner a year ago, acquainted the public with the love and esteem I was held in by the Gardner congregation, is now in the employ of the former bosses and owners of *Svea*, whose former Gardner correspondent, also having lauded me, is no longer engaged by *Svea*.

Withal, when about three years ago, upon my urgent appeals I was

given an opportunity to preach before the then vacant congregation at Bridgeport, Conn., with a view of receiving a call, the bosses were evidently afraid that my sermons would cut them off from influencing the parish through its leaders, the deacons, etc. Therefore, Rev. Cesander, who was present at both services, saw fit to cool down the enthusiasm of the common people by winding up my services with a short address, in which he strongly impressed upon the audience that they have no idea how long a time it takes a pastor to prepare for his sermons, the delivery of which seems to be such an easy matter. When thus in their nervous anxiety to smother and unfrock me these bosses and their tools do not hesitate to oppose me, even in the open, their secret deeds in the dark must be dark enough to render it intelligible why the feigned efforts of the bosses to assist me are all in vain.

DANGERS THREATENING OUR NATIONAL LIFE.

In the Third Supplement is already referred to how, in 1907, at my premeditated departure from Concord to Gardner, *Svea* allowed its Concord correspondent to draw the public's attention from the propriety of a consistent discussion and exhaustive inquiry when petitioned by me to have the respective Concord communicants taken up and commented upon, in order to evince if, according to the unjust charges made in the above article of February 7, 1906, I had deserved to be publicly branded as a liar, when in my compassionate efforts to prevail upon the parish owners, or leaders, to lower the membership fees, I had reminded them of that during my ministry in Concord the communicant number had almost doubled.

In view of that many families have a hard struggle to get along, not having half the income the families of the stone-cutters have, such a reduction of the membership fees means half the battle to a conscientious, hard-working and successful pastor, is, for instance, evident from the following in the minutes of the Synod recorded communication from an Augustana pastor in Iowa:

Here in my parish I have often deplored that old people and several poor families abstain from joining the congregation. They may hunger after the word of God; they may crave for the Lord's Supper; still, they keep aloof. This because they think themselves not entitled to ask to be taken up as members, unable as they are to pay the dues. The congregation has already several non-paying members and from these the Synod demands a tax (about 60 cents), and for such reasons we are not particular having any more join us. Is the Church then merely a business enterprise? The Synod seems to consider it so. We do hope, however, that the Synod will wake up from its ominous mistake. If above all, the Church is not an institution of charity, then woe unto us!

How heinous then to deny me my rights to leave Concord with a clean record, and to punch upon a strenuous brother struggling for the welfare of humanity; and for this kindness towards man and brute to publicly disgrace him as a thief, a liar, a madman, etc., in the same style as the witches, the martyrs, Christ, etc., were handled by their contemporaneous fellowmen; and then to interdict him on the frothy excuse that in the only way available, by means of round robins, and as Gorky, in the name of humanity, he appeals for mercy.

How wrong of certain newspapers to uphold such atrocities! And all this, though any sane man will side with Andrew Carnegie, keenly asserting:

If a judge were interested in a case you would not respect his decision, would you?

In the well known book "Moral Science" by the former president of Brown University, it is rightly stated:

If it be wrong to injure my neighbor's reputation within the limited circle of my acquaintance, how much more wrong must it be to injure it throughout a nation! . . . The conductor of a public press possesses no greater privileges than any other man, nor has he any more right than any other man to use, or suffer to be used, his press for the sake of gratifying personal pique, or avenging individual wrong, or holding up individuals without trial to public scorn. Crime against society is to be punished by society, and by society alone, and he who conducts a public press has no more *right* because he has the physical power to inflict pain on any other individual.

In speaking of redeeming public life from scoundrelism, President Roosevelt also states:

The successful man, whether in business or in politics, who has risen by conscientious swindling of his neighbor, by deceit and chicanery, by unscrupulous boldness and cunning, stands towards society as a dangerous wild beast. The mean and cringing admiration which such a career commands among those who think crookedly, or not at all, makes this kind of success perhaps the most dangerous of all the influences that threaten our national life.

At any rate, how malevolent to first outlaw a man from a congregation and then to jump on the fact of his being outside of it as a hail fellow well met starting hole for an ex-officio proclamation, that, for being outside of a congregation, he is interdicted and thrown to the dogs, while already long ago, behind the scenes, this their Dreyfus has been dispatched to his Devil's Island!

Francis Wayland of Brown University, in his Practical Ethics, rightly asserts that to diminish the esteem in which a man is held by his fellows, to detract from the reputation which he has thus acquired, is a great violation of justice; nay, it may be a far greater violation

of justice than robbing him of money. It has, moreover, the additional aggravation of conferring no benefit upon the aggressor beyond that of the gratification of a base and malignant envy.

A LORN WRETCH, "UNPOSSESSED OF GOD'S BLESSINGS."

The Conference president, Nelsenius, did not even object to that his name had been used in the above mentioned *Svea* article, insinuating that, at the meeting of the following day, February 8, 1906, I was to be court-martialed for acts unbecoming and unworthy of a teacher in morals and religion.

Moreover, at that same meeting, February 8, 1906, though in the memories of the parish owners he had riveted that there were no valid charges preferred against me, Doctor Nelsenius nevertheless requested me to ask a deacon for forgiveness because at a meeting with the church council I had reminded him of the inconsistency and weakness displayed by this deacon in siding with the parish treasurer, that among other things of a similar nature a family unable to pay for more than seven months of the year should not belong to the parish, though this family assures me that they will pay as soon as they are able, they being temporarily embarrassed.

As Christ prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," I consequently yieldingly asked that deacon for forgiveness, "provided his pastor's course of proceedings had been unfathomable to him."

Notwithstanding the agonies already brought down upon my family, they now want me to become a regular member of this synagogue and insanity commission, once more to be subjected to their immediate jurisdiction, though I am incapacitated to meet even the dues for one month. Judging from previous experiences, they would show no clemency, not considering that when I had anything to give I gave it all, and that many are the \$10 and \$20 offered by me on the altar of the Synod.

When the father of several of the Concord parish owners told my wife how God's blessings rest on some homes, while others have nothing, he repeatedly relating that, in order to render the collection for the San Francisco sufferers an even \$4, his son, the treasurer, had added 30 cents, she weighed in her heart how her family had contributed 75 cents to that collection, and that she considered very small that contribution, and not worth mentioning; and that, no doubt, because of such our unconscious comparatively greater unassuming

sympathy for humanity, her family is completely wrecked, and "unpossessed of God's blessings," as the old man insinuated.

At any rate, they would not stop considering my penury and want being caused by the circumstance that coarse-grained blacklisters have taken advantage of my readiness to serve, thereby giving them a chance to also lay all their iniquity on me.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB BY THE BROOK.

Even from the experiences I had sixteen years ago, I cannot but scent from afar that, after a repetition of the old pretext of the wolf and the lamb by the brook, and after a series of heartrending mock trials and nightly meetings, and under a continuous fire of false accusations and libellous articles in the press, etc., they would have me hounded, excommunicated and utterly degraded, so as to collect another "rare" flower for my "funeral," I being not fit to be retained even as an ordinary member of an Augustana congregation.

In 1890, while Rev. M. J. Englund was superintendent of the Orphans' Home at Jamestown, N. Y., and Rev. Aslev was a student-preacher in the Warren District, where Rev. Norden then was pastor at Ridgeway, Pa., the latter arraigned me for being avaricious if I did not abandon my exceedingly bright future in store in the large Jamestown congregation, where I had worked for a year as assistant to the aged pastor, Rev. Hultgren. Finally I yielded to Norden's entreaties and moved to the place he had arranged for me, Mt. Jewett, Pa. Notwithstanding this, that I had yielded to his overtures, he endeavored to persuade the Mt. Jewett people that they were giving me a larger salary than they ought to, the people, however, replying that they will stick to the promise stated in the call extended to me.

By the way, at that same meeting, the members insisting on that on a previous occasion, and in my presence, Norden said what he now flatly repudiates, he demanded me to stand up and give witness to the truth. Being merely a candidate for the ministry, and knowing that Norden was backed up by the ministerial bosses, I was in a veritable rub. According to Luke 12:11, I could, however, relate how once in 1880, in a Boston boarding-house, I was so distracted as to repeatedly ask for "butter," while all the time thinking that I mentioned the wanted "sugar," so that it may be possible for a man to say something he did not think he said.

Norden also wanted me to excommunicate a member of that congregation because, according to him, the "sects" will look down upon our Lutheran Church for having a member allowing dancing and beer-

drinking at his home. To carry out such Norden's dictum would, among other things, also deprive that man's family from attending services, Sunday-school, etc., wherefore, following my own discretion, I had the satisfaction of seeing that man won for the cause of true temperance and the cause of the Church, though he could not be persuaded from stating that Norden is foxy, evidently meaning that Norden wanted me in titubations and wrong steps.

"TRUE AND UNDEFILED RELIGION."

Thus, all things considered, even if by yielding and delivering myself up into the hands of the insanity commission this Norden is now shepherding, I may be strong enough to stand the strain of being jaded anew, there is, however, a limit to the power of endurance of my children's mother, who already too long has been writhing under their relentless inhumanities, though otherwise she would have been as strong as the majority of the ministers' wives.

The God of mercy and truth has given me, too, sacred duties to perform, duties to my family, higher than the creeds coarse-grained natures so often are using as a cloak for their lack of charity.

Merely the circumstance that we are closely watched is about all the strain of that nature Mrs. Holmgren is able to stand. It ought to be plenty enough that we do not dare to attend services in any of the other Concord churches, since Norden then would be supplied with "welcome" opportunities for retarding and checking the forthcoming of the speedy succor needed, just as, evidently in their hopes to outlaw me by drawing out the time, he caused the president of the Boston District, Rev. J. A. Bernhard, as a defender of "true and undefiled religion," ex-officio to start the preliminary inquiries preceding the pending public interdict, all on the strength of the stretched reports that my children attend the Sunday-school of an Episcopal church, which report caused me to print the Second Supplement, dated September 27, 1907, in order to counteract the injury such Norden's communications would else have wrought by retarding and checking the forthcoming of the promised \$2 from each of the nearly 600 pastors, which promise and resolution followed upon the issue of my first circulars and appeared to me as preliminary steps to pay at least the debts of about \$3,000 the blacklisters have dragged me into.

Forsooth, these undermining stretched reports of the blacklisters are, above all, debarring me from what is preëminently needed, *i. e.*, the ministers' unanimous commendation before a duped people as to my competency to fill any vacancy that would secure for me an income

large enough to do away with all disgracing alms, which latter are a means of throwing a veil over the wounds so ruthlessly made on helpless brethren on the Jericho road.

OIL, WINE AND VINEGAR.

On his death-bed, Rev. T. O. Linell, of Gardner, Mass., related to me that at his visit from Boston, Mass., Rev. Johansson expressed his belief that Linell's stroke of paralysis, received in 1907, was a result from the ill treatment relating to his removal from North Easton, Mass., Linell's former charge; Linell deploring that Nelsenius, the Conference president, had denied him, Linell, the backing needed to weather the opposition waged by a couple of the North Easton parish leaders. According to Linell, one of these inimical leaders communicated with Rev. J. A. Anderson of Brockton, Mass., where he also received the looked for encouragement, while on the other hand, having communicated with the recently ordained fine-grained Rev. Morton of Providence, R. I., the response was that Linell was Morton's friend and that no encouragement could be had from Morton.

Comparing the cold treatment, Linell previously received at the hands of hegemonical bosses, with the recent hurried efforts to take up contributions of several hundred dollars for Mrs. Linell, besides even prevailing upon the king of Sweden to make the young Rev. Morton a knight of Vasa, a rare honor only bestowed upon two other of the Augustana pastors and chums of Doctor Lindberg, it looks to me as my coarse-grained blacklisters were unnaturally straining themselves to muzzle important testimonials, Mrs. Linell and Rev. Morton being now, since the death of Linell, direct witnesses as to the corroborating statements of Linell as to the character of certain leaders, etc., Mrs. Linell being already won to their side, judging from the circumstance that in April, 1908, when the Gardner congregation was on the verge of extending its call to me, she told one of the deacons that it would be unwise, as I cannot stay long in any place, etc.

When some of the members related this to me, it was also stated that two years previous, when this Gardner congregation was on the verge of calling a pastor, a prominent member arose and asked why the people could not extend a call to me, who at that time had been recommended by Nelsenius, the Conference president; the presiding pastor at that meeting, Rev. Beckman, replying that they ought not to call me because of my large family. Thus it was easy to understand why Nelsenius could write, April 14, 1905:

I recommended you to the Gardner congregation, but they turned their own way.

The above is another proof as to that the brethren take back with one hand what is given with the other.

Signal it is that though, after Linell's stroke of paralysis, I labored in Gardner from August, 1907, to July, 1908, the president of that district, Rev. Engstrand of Worcester, Mass., and the son-in-law of Rev. Johansson in Boston, in his reports and statements in the official paper of that district, did not mention me as having gratuitously responded to Linell's entreaties and appeals to assist him during his sickness and distress. Neither did he mention that finally I received a call from Gardner to be the permanent pastor of the place, and that the district wished to extend its welcome to me. On the other hand, without God's direct intervention, they having secured for my Concord successor, Rev. Norden, a call to the large Swedish-Finnish congregation of Gardner, this president at once publishes his hope that Norden will accept, and that the district extends to him a hearty welcome. No wonder that the people have to look up to such a well recommended and backed up man; and that on account of previous experiences it was of no use for me to accept the call to the Swedish Lutheran Church of Gardner, though if I had been backed up by the brethren, both that parish and the larger Swedish-Finnish congregation of that town would have united under one pastor, which in this case would have been me, who already for eleven months successfully served the smaller one of the two.

Nay, even the Synod's organ, *Augustana*, is no longer sent free to me, they claiming that it is sent to pastors of the Synod only.

If ministerial ring-leaders deprive an old experienced pastor of the needed moral and financial support, thereby cheering selfish parish leaders or owners, perhaps desirous of securing unmarried pastors or seminary students to court damsels of the congregation, to be instrumental in getting rid of such aged brother merely in order to lure young students to congregate at the feet of Doctor Lindberg, clamoring that there are so many fat parishes waiting for them, these meddlers or leaders, so anxious to secure a D. D. or other honors for "faithful" service, are greatly mistaken if believing that such will forever increase their patron's and tutelary saint's power and influence to do them a turn again.

The young men really worth having, those enabled to build up a congregation and add to the wealth and strength of the Synod, will gradually become scared away the more they see men dumped at a

time they are most in need of moral and financial backing, so as to increase their usefulness and hold on the people; not to mention the need of retaining a calling when they are most in need of keeping it instead of being dumped, at best, merely to receive some high-sounding alms.

So, in 1904, my son having heard Rev. Anderson of Brockton, Mass., vociferously vilify me for having taken care of the New Sweden cattle, reported to his mother what he had heard while on a visit in Cambridge, Mass., he also asking what his father had done to draw upon him such hatred. I then wrote to the Conference president for protection, at the same time sending him the letter from the owner of the cow that had been milked.

As a result of this, Rev. Anderson asked if I were satisfied with a collection taken up in all the congregations of the district. As, at the same time, the other brethren of the Boston District began to assert that something substantial must be done, one of them stating that each pastor ought to give \$5, and the parishes accordingly, I did not know what to say, simply hoping that they would admit that it was not disgracing alms, but a brother's hand to restore to me my former standing that was needed.

The outcome of this display of sympathy turned out to be merely \$100, besides giving the leaders an opportunity of publishing what a brotherly love prevails in the Boston District, such aids more reminding of the vinegar offered Christ on the Cross than the oil and wine, etc., offered by the Samaritan to the wounded man on the Jericho road.

CHAPTER X.

Do not be afraid; do not cry out, for life is good. I come from low down, from the cellar of life, where darkness and terror reign, where man is half beast, and life is only a fight for bread. It flows slowly there, in dark streams, but even there beauty and love exist. Everywhere that man is found, good is, in tiny particles and invisible roots—but still it is there. All these roots will not perish. Some will grow and flourish and bear fruit. I bought dearly the right to believe this, therefore it is mine my whole life long. And thus I have won yet another right, the right to demand that you, too, believe as I do, for I am the voice of that life, the despairing cry of those who remain below and who have sent me to herald their pain. They also long to rise to self-respect, to light and freedom.

From Gorky's Suppressed Novel.

PRESIDENT TAFT'S STATEMENT.

How wrong of these blacklisters to now publicly degrade me as being deposed for having sent out these appeals, these circulars, I having merely endeavored to defend my home, my creditors, who with me have believed in the brotherhood of man and ministers; nay, principles of the greatest importance to the cause of country and Christ! How mean of them to jump on the circumstance that the Third Supplement is dated in October, while in fact it was not mailed, nay, not even printed, before, on the 9th of this November, the summons came for me to face the charges in regard to sending my children to the Episcopal Church, this Third Supplement being an appeal for an open trial to avoid star chamber hearings, such as the fictitious trial in the night of November 19–20, 1907.

What do they mean by now publishing in two hemispheres that my circular statements cannot be maintained as true? Are they to hoodwink, nay, even threaten certain individuals to not remember anything? Are they to become perjurers, notwithstanding the risk they run thereby? Are they simply relying on President Taft's assertion that delay always works to the detriment of the poor litigant? Is it because they have recently sent away to India one of my best witnesses, Dr. C. W. Foss, the ex-president of the school at Rock Island, Ill.?

Though another of the teachers of that school, Doctor Williamson, is dead, there must still be others from those days I attended that institution willing to testify to my sympathy and love towards the

original blacklisters, they having had no cause whatever for throwing out such leaven of acrimony.

So, for instance, I had nothing whatever to do with the dismissal of Missionary Lilja's son, who was dismissed in 1887. Upon the request of Doctor Williamson, the boy was allowed to room with me. I loved him, I prayed for him and knew nothing of his wrong-doings, before it was reported to me by Williamson. And not before the boy's dismissal from the school did it flash upon my mind his doings of a similar nature at the time I had resided in the home of Lilja at Brooklyn, N. Y., when Dr. C. E. Lindberg, then president of the New York Conference and the patron and staunch protector of Lilja, fetched the prodigal from Philadelphia back to his parents.

LINDBERG, LILJA, ENGLUND, ET COMP.

Twenty-one years ago, during my first school year at Rock Island, Ill., a newcomer from Sweden, now the to Sweden returned Rev. G. Juhlin, stated before students that the still unordained emigrant-missionary Lilja averred that, actuated by base motives, I had appeared at the Synod's school to prepare for the ministry. Besides such and similar tactics, the professor in Swedish and Christianity, Rev. C. M. Esbjorn, and his temporary assistant, the seminary student Zetterstrand, tried to so discourage me that, if the other professors had not time and again reassured me of the Synod's need of me, I would have returned to finish my preparations for entering mechanical engineering. That such initiatory blacklisting was the leaven, the foghorn signal, the precursor or harbinger, of the subsequent incessant stone-throwing, is obvious enough.

Having previously assisted Lindberg while clerking in a Pennsylvania coal mine, in 1882 Lilja had quit his work as a street car conductor and was assisted to the position as a solicitor of funds for the Swedish church of Philadelphia. While working in this capacity, Lindberg, then pastor in New York, N. Y., took Lilja up to the Roman Catholic bishop of Philadelphia to ask that collections be taken up in the Catholic churches for the Lutheran church of Philadelphia. The reply was:

My dear brother Lindberg, you know very well that I cannot do that; you know that. But here is \$5 as my private contribution.

Subsequently, after Lilja had moved to Brooklyn and was by Lindberg assisted to the position as emigrant-missionary at Castle Garden, conflicts arose between Lindberg and Rev. J. A. Rodell,

Brooklyn, the latter claiming that in matters pertaining to marriages, baptisms, etc., Lindberg trespassed upon the territory of Brooklyn.

Sympathizing with Rodell, who had a family to support besides failing in health, and I being a member of his congregation, I consoled Rodell as much as possible, endeavoring at the same time to put the best constructions upon his rival's doings, stating that on account of Lindberg's dignified bearing people will, as a rule, look up to him as a natural leader, he himself at the same time taking things jokingly, as, for instance, his visit to the Roman Catholic prelate indicates. When Lilja himself did not seem to make any secret of that visit to that bishop, can it be possible that having mentioned it to Rodell I am also for such reasons to be frozen out of my calling?

I have been requested to explain why, having entered the ministry through no back door, but through years of the hardest studies, I am a crow to be plucked. I must confess that to explain this is a difficult task without risking to do possible injustice to Lindberg, whom I love as a fellow-pilgrim towards eternity. The desperate condition I am brought into compels me, however, to divulge my own theories in the matter, while leaving to Lindberg and those, who have had anything to do with him in these lines, to judge how near these views are to the real thing.

THE ASCENDENCY OF LINDBERG.

According to certain mental sciences:

There are individuals endowed with such large development of brain matters in the faculty of the self-esteem that in their magnificent notions of their own respectability they are prompted, in comparing themselves with others, to depreciate them, in order to raise themselves in the scale of comparative excellence. Inferior talents, combined with a strong endowment of self-esteem, are often crowned with far higher success than more splendid abilities joined with this sentiment in a feebler degree.

In this connection we may here refer to that when, through the influence of the chums, especially in the New York Conference, in 1890 Lindberg walked into the chair as doctor in dogmatics at the Rock Island Seminary, the editor of the Synod's organ in those days, Dr. S. P. A. Lindahl, at a party ridiculed the absent Lindberg for his lack of genuine college erudition, manifested by, for instance, Lindberg's way of pronouncing the word "cholera."

As, according to the referred to mental sciences, envy is the result of Self-esteem offended by the excellence or superior happiness of others, and calling up Destructiveness to hate them, such may there-

fore be the reason that when entering the seminary, in 1890, after I had told Lindberg that the usual printed biographies of the outgoing class of ministers would at all events render me due credit before the uninitiated public, that I have spent years and years on school benches to prepare for my calling in life, and that he ought to consider it a waste of time, at my advanced age, to spend two or three years in the seminary, when I am not only able but also willing to go through the seminary subjects, though in less time than the students who have not spent so many years as I have in preliminary studies, Lindberg then met me with the disdainful dictum that such biographies will be discontinued, something similar to the derisive laughter Lindberg's chum, Rev. C. M. Esbjorn, greeted me with in 1887 while Lindberg still was pastor in New York City and I had entered the Rock Island College; I having already in 1882 met this Esbjorn, together with Lilja, Lindberg, Englund and Petri at Philadelphia. Thus, in 1890, seeing the ever-increasing ascendancy of Lindberg, I began to brood over the uselessness of preparing for the ministry, as, no matter what I did in order to become efficient and deserving, the spirit of detraction would finally blacklist me out of my calling and belongings, and that, at such time I most of all needed to retain my hold. So, for instance, in one of his letters, Rev. Frank Swensson states:

Our system of promotion is condemnable. If only one is on good terms with the big ones, there is no difficulty, even if one is not much of a pastor.

Therefore, my destiny being in the hands of Lindberg and his satellites, they also being averse to me, such divinations so engrossed my thoughts that either must the engagement with my betrothed, entered while I prepared for the mechanical engineering, be broken, I having no moral right to expose a family to the persecutions that would surely follow; or else I had to give up the thoughts of entering the ministry.

As a preliminary withdrawal and getting away from the immediate influence of my friends and backers at the school, such as the two presidents, Hasselquist and Foss, I sympathetically responded to an urgent call for a seminary preacher to serve the large First Lutheran Church of Jamestown, N. Y., whose aged pastor was dangerously ill, the fall term, 1890.

As only a physician's letter could prevail upon Doctor Hasselquist to let me leave, such was, however, an easy matter, as in this slough of despondency, I could claim it to be almost impossible to get any sleep, which might end in nervous prostration.

Though even here at Jamestown the influence of this bossism was felt in the person of Lindberg's chum, Rev. Englund, then superintendent of the New York Conference Orphans' Home at Jamestown, N. Y., the love and favors encircling me in the large Jamestown parish cheered and strengthened me to abide with the wishes of my congenial teachers and friends, etc.; in all this also strongly backed up by my wife, who, in her childish faith in the angeldom of ministry, could not comprehend the sanity of my grave apprehensions as to the future, that the ring-leaders should even make use of my family as a co-agency to rob me of my God-given calling.

B. D., D. D., R. N. O., T. F., ETC.

At a visit to my Jamestown home, and seeing my college diploma, Englund asked me if I did not think that he, too, could get such a diploma, he thereby linking my thoughts to that those who earn it will get it in the ordinary way, while others, who are chums of Lindberg, etc., will not only get such, but still higher titles of honor.

This Englund has recently walked into the chair as one of the editors of the Synod's paper, *Augustana*, and as a preliminary step is just awarded the title D. D. from some institution in Pennsylvania, where Lindberg's and *comp.* influence is prevailing.

Lindberg has also elevated Lilja into the ministry, this favored man running abreast and coming up to the same thing and more than I, who also in pursuance to Lindberg's course of proceedings, belong to "the other graduates" from the seminary.

Doctor Nelsenius, the New York Conference president, has recently received two D. D. titles, while M. Lonner, who was strongly admonished by worthy professors at the Synod's school to not enter the ministry, is assisted to good charges, and who writes to me, who has passed through the preliminary studies, that the man who takes good care of himself has a bright future in store in the Synod; he at the same time upbraiding me for not providing for my family.

This crushing of me, who through hard work has endeavored to make myself worthy of good marks, and, on the other hand, the elevation of a circle of satellites, to a certain extent having entered the ministry through the back door, may be caused by Lindberg's natural disposition to measure himself by himself and to condemn the opinion of all those who differ from him. Therefore, such men also set the opinions of society proudly at defiance.

So, for instance, at the time he was unaware that I was a crow to be plucked by the ring, Doctor Nelsenius informed me that when a

certain congregation out West was on the verge of calling a certain pastor, in the decisive moment a despatch from Lindberg changed their decision, this especially as the votes are not cast as in presidential elections, but by saying aye or no; and who would openly dare to oppose such a dignified man, who upholds a system of promotion, which, to use the expression of brethren, is condemnable; Lindberg having also alongside of his other methods secured for himself the right of dividing the graduates of the seminary into two classes, "the other graduates" and "the graduates," the latter having graduated after my time, and not debarred from the privilege of being advertised with a B. D. sign affixed to their names in the public records of the Synod.

It is, of course, an easy matter for these chums to tell me to leave my calling and do something else, they not considering that, while it has cost them comparatively nothing to prepare for it, I have spent years and years in preparations, also taking the studies seriously.

In 1890, one of the school presidents, owing to my age and previous studies, and also my head for studies, advised me to not spend any time at all in the theological seminary, but to pass through a special examination in what they call the minimum course. At that juncture, a warm friend of Lindberg, Dr. C. A. Evald, Chicago, Ill., wrote me that I will greatly regret if I do not take the full course, and graduate from the seminary.

Having finally acceded to this latter advice, and being a graduate, I do not only find myself deprived of the advertisement of a B. D. in the public records, but deprived of all other requisite moral and financial backing; nay, dumped in a most inhuman manner. If I had spent less time for preparations, it would have been much easier to weather these attacks of the blacklisters, who bask in the sunshine of Lindberg's favor and protection, and who have taken advantage of my willingness to serve, and then withdraw from me the needed prerequisites to get along.

Here we may again refer to the assertions made by the president of Brown University:

Every man is, by the laws of his Creator, entitled to the physical results of his labors. . . . The industrious student is entitled not merely to the use of that knowledge which he has acquired, but also to the estimation which the possession of that knowledge gives him among men. Now these secondary and indirect results are as truly effects of the character and actions of the man himself, and they as truly belong to him, as the primary and direct results of which we have spoken. And hence to diminish the esteem in which a man is held by his fellows, to detract from the reputation which he has thus acquired, is as great a violation of justice, nay, it may be a far

greater violation of justice than robbing him of money. It has, moreover, the additional aggravation of conferring no benefit upon the aggressor beyond that of the gratification of a base and malignant envy.

When, for instance, the chum of Lindberg, Doctor Forsander, as teacher in church history, etc., claimed that, though my final examinations entitled me to the highest marks, he could not grant me anything but much lower marks because I had spent merely three terms in the seminary, I may here ask why then could the faculty of the school confer upon Doctor Lindberg and chums a graduation diploma from the college department, though, according to the reports in the papers a few years ago, when this took place, Lindberg, etc., were not students of the college, but doctor, etc., in dogmatics in the seminary department?

By the way, it may here be mentioned that at leaving the school of the institution in several instances I had received lower marks than I had deserved; yea, even still lower marks in the books of the institution than were recorded in my college diploma, which fact was accidentally revealed to me when a few years ago I asked for a duplicate of this diploma.

CHAPTER XI.

He has sounded forth a trumpet that shall never call "retreat";
He is searching out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.
Be swift, my soul, to answer him; be jubilant my feet;

While God is marching on.
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

STRICKEN, SMITTEN OF GOD AND AFFLICTED.

Dr. A. Bergin of Lindsborg, Kan., who at a visit in Concord informed Mrs. Holmgren that, seeing that I am of a balanced mind, it will be his duty to endeavor to counteract the slanderous reports current out West that I am demented; and, sympathizing with us, writes and asks me why I am not willing to suffer martyrdom.

The fact is, however, that all my life I have patiently submitted to the abuses from the coarse-grained people I have had to deal with, so that a man of my age, and furthermore with such a large family to provide for, by this time ought to be pretty near done up and crippled as a consequence of these abuses. In my desire to make others happy, I have also kept away from complaining when it matters my own self. This, though well-known pastors of the Synod, such as Rev. G. E. Forsberg, for years one of the executive officers of the New York Conference, writes me:

I deplore that you have met with such ill turns. Thus you, too, have caught a glimpse of the hearts of Ahlquist, Anderson and Kjellstrand. It seems that Kjellstrand ill requitted you for the hospitality which he and his young dame (second wife) enjoyed at your (Newport) home; and that the Conference ill requits you for your sedulous, faithful and sacrificing work in Newport. In rich measure you have experienced the truth of the old saying that ingratitude is the recompense or remuneration bestowed by the world.

Delving into another side of the question, according to the Lutheran creed, we should not have more than one wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities; and if we want another one to be despised and rejected by men, we forget that as chastisement fell upon those who crucified their best friend, certain destruction is also in store for those who again "esteem a man stricken, smitten of God and afflicted," as it was said of our only Saviour. In the comparative

ease and plenty you are enjoying life, you do not see the danger as your brother, "taken away by oppression and judgment." There is a grievous correction for him that forsaketh the way; and he that hateth reproof shall die.

It is rightly said, "It is not desirable to yield to others when they are wrong, merely for the sake of peace, because abiding peace cannot be gained by subservience to any form of error." The issues involved are not merely referring to my own duty to provide for my own household and for the welfare of your future or eternal condition; but the Bible tells me that I have no right to shrink into silence, not daring to speak for those subjected to a reign of terror and darkness, concerning which Jesus Christ says:

Woe unto you Pharisees! for ye laden men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers.

With the widow, I have cast into the temple treasury all the living that I had. I cannot go any further. The limit being reached, there is nothing else but to abide with the words of Christ, prescribed as the text of my inaugural sermon at Concord, in 1902, which text also says:

Everyone, therefore, who shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father which is in Heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in Heaven.

If, while doing this, my body is to be killed, then and only then am I a martyr; and such martyrdom I am willing to undergo, if it be His will, who over against the threats that have been made against me asserts, in the same text:

And be not afraid of them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father: but the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.

Neither does it follow, to use the conclusion in Labory's defense of Dreyfus:

That the whole army is involved, because some have shown too much zeal and haste, and others too much credulity; because there has been a serious forgetfulness of right on the part of one, or of several. . . . Let your verdict signify several things: First, "Long live the army (ministry);" but also "Long live the Republic! and long live France (America)!" That is, gentlemen, "Long live eternal Justice!"

THE AUGUSTANA EDITORS.

Dr. M. J. Englund, having recently abandoned his charge as pastor in Greenwich, R. I., and having entered his new field of work as one of the editors of *Augustana*, the Synod's organ, as one of his first acts permits the officials of the New York Conference to publish the disgracing article as to my suspension, thereby keeping the public and the majority of the brethren in the dark, and cutting off the forthcoming of the urgently needed rescue. This publication, though "deplored" by them, is indeed like the "solemn discourses," the witch sermons, preached by the clergy of old and, connected with every sacrifice, has the effect to inspire with fresh zeal to collect fuel for another.

Dr. L. G. Abrahamson, the chief editor of *Augustana*, may differ from me in being more exclusive, still, he having previously refused to take in my appeals to the Synod, it is hard for me to think that he could have freely granted the blacklisters access to the paper, he being able to answer them that it would be much easier for them than for me to employ private circulars to meet my statements. Already, while pastor in Chicago, Doctor Abrahamson has for years and years received a munificent income, not only as pastor, but as treasurer of a large life insurance company, and as promoter of land affairs, etc., and thus while he is living in the profusion of plenty, there is a likelihood that his large benevolence is prevailing upon his conscientiousness, so that he feels somewhat uneasy to have allowed himself to be imposed upon to let an article be published that condemns and disgraces an outlawed and bleeding brother on the Jericho road, a brother whom his fine intellect tells him would, if Abrahamson were in need, divide with him the last loaf.

Another thing it is with Englund, who, on account of his large organ of destructiveness and small organ of benevolence, seems to be blind to the obligations of justice, piety and mercy, he evidently being the most responsible for this heinous wrong, in full accordance with the statement made some years ago by the former editor of *Augustana*, Dr. S. P. A. Lindahl, who remarked concerning this Englund, or Comes, as he calls himself:

Some years ago we denied him the rights to use the columns of *Augustana* to blacklist brethren in his own conference.

ROME, ROOSEVELT AND THE LUTHERAN CHURCH.

In this his wanton love of destructiveness Englund does not even spare the president of the United States, whom he now accuses as

one who does not know what he says. In a recent *Augustana* article he goes on to say :

For reasons tangible to us, President Roosevelt did not reply to the protest made by the Missouri Synod. We could not see our way clear how he could do it without considerably modifying what he erewhile has said. It was not easy for him to do so, and he knows the fact is that what the protesting Lutherans said, found an echo in the hearts of the Protestants of the country."

While Englund thus is slurring the president as being in discord with the Protestants of the country, he forgets that there is greater danger from the blacklisting slavery referred to in this pamphlet than from the open confession of the Roman Catholics as to that the church should rule the state, an expression no doubt taken from the ideal church as an institution of charity, ruling the nations in the millennium.

President Roosevelt knows that if a church does not reign in love, its reign will be short nowadays; and that it is the coarse-grained, blacklisting enemy to the brotherhood of man we ought to go for, no matter if he hides himself in a church who openly expresses its wish to rule, or in a church where, behind the scenes and without manifest proclamations, some men's innate desire to rule creeps out wherever there is a chance.

There may, furthermore, be times when even Englund would admit that it is better to live in a community where we know who is responsible for the wrong than to have to, as in my case, hunt in the bushes for the evil-doers, who claim that nothing can be proven and that they are not responsible for what predecessors are doing during their ephemeral reign.

BISHOP MASSILLON.

When considering how, for instance, in 1900, when at a district's meeting I had been appointed to preach in the church at Pontiac, R. I., this Englund did hide my satchel with the outline of my sermon, and how, according to statements by the brethren, he afterwards falsely alleged that I had been so drunk at that service that I had taken on me three collars instead of one; this, though more than once Mrs. Holmgren and I were hindering ministers and their families when before members they ridiculed this Englund as a man who more than once has been reprimanded for his drunkenness. Yea, when I consider this and similar things, there cannot but be a cause for rejoicing that we have a president of the United States whose heart and mind are bent upon to extend the hand of fellowship in the spirit of

comradeship to every citizen in the land, no matter if some denominations are unwarrantably criticising his recent placing of the Roman Catholic Church on the same footing with the Protestants. And why should he not? He knows that, for instance, one of their renowned leaders, Bishop Massillon, in his admonition to the clergy, asserts:

There are sins of which we know not either their enormity or extent; but we know, O God, that to become a stumbling-block to our brethren is to overturn for them the work of thy Son's mission, and to destroy the fruit of his labors, of his death and of all his mission. Such is the illusion of the pretext which men draw from the lightness of their slanders; the motives are never innocent, the circumstances always criminal, the consequences irreparable. That which at its birth was only a private and impudent pleasantry, a malicious conjecture, will become an eternal stain upon the character of your brother. Repair now, if you can, the injustice and the scandal; restore to your brother the good name of which you have deprived him. If whoever calls his brother a fool, be worthy, according to Jesus Christ, of eternal fire, shall he who renders him the contempt and laughing-stock escape the same punishment? Do not your brother's talents, character, etc., hurt you more than his faults? May your censures not proceed from a secret jealousy? Would Saul have so often repeated with such pleasure, that David was only the son of Jesse, had he not considered him as a rival, more deserving than himself of the empire? Elsewhere you excuse everything, but here every circumstance comes empoisoned from your mouth. The more what we censure is light, the more is calumny to be dreaded; we must embellish to attract attention.

Now, in view of that there are whole sections of Protestants entirely devoid of such fatherly advice to the clergy as this bishop's appeals indicate, there is no wonder that a man like Roosevelt, who wants to give every man a square deal, and finding good and bad in every section of humanity, calls it bigotry to discriminate against any of the Christian churches.

THE MISSION OF THE PRESS.

In the article, "The Public Library as a Reflector of the Prettiest Star in the Star-Spangled Banner," printed in the New Hampshire Public Libraries' Bulletin of December, 1905, I have also referred to this, in the following words:

Criminology testifying, that in cold-blooded and deliberate murderers the organ of benevolence is decidedly deficient, as in tribes remarkable for cruelty, the latitudinarian will furthermore emphasize, that in the press-devoid dark ages most palatable opportunities were open to such brutes to join the holy inquisition, where, under the shelter of divine law, they could steel themselves with malignity, and own that man's hatred is God's, in spite of the fact that when a man's enemy is his judge, whatsoever his cause is, we may foresee the sentence; and that a malicious person is as

fit and able to make a right judgment of things, as a shaking hand to exact measures; or a person that is drunk to study mathematics or to resolve problems. And, according to eminent divines, when the decrees of Heaven shall be examined by the partiality of perverse, malicious and discontented persons, we must expect nothing else but the ugly issues of passion, darkness and confusion.

However, in view of the communications that knit the nations closer together, and the art of printing that drags all the doings of men unrevoked into the open day, the candid scholar will perceive that He, who has asserted that the gates of Hades shall not prevail against his Church, is nowadays making the dupable chairs of the apostles and church-leaders rather too hot or uncomfortable to decidedly cruel-spirited, coarse-grained rogueships. Such are therefore doggedly looking up more petty but congenial places or premises where perhaps as demagogues or ringleaders, though compelled to play hide and seek with justice, they may dictate comparatively unrestricted and uncensored.

The renovated and disinfected old apostolic chairs are thus, one by one, being filled by the originally designed brotherhood of clear headed men of meek, loving and undesigning disposition and skilful in the words of righteousness. With their respective talents complementing each other, such divinely ordained heads of Christendom are, under a prying censorship, becoming humane and compassionate guardians of the sacerdotal office.

The press and the revival of letters having been a means of bringing about such important radical changes within the so-called "high-priest-ridden" part of Christendom, why should not these very means be commissioned to also accomplish such great improvements within the so-called "anarchy-ridden" division? A great cause for rejoicing it is also that we have had, and still are having, a president of our country disposed to remind us that Christianity is neither a creed nor a ceremonial, but a life vitally connected with a living Christ, that the workers in the vineyard may wield the elements of Christian achievement up to its maximum.

CHAPTER XII.

And though you be done to the death, what then?

If you battled the best you could;

If you played your part in the world of men,

Why, the critic will call it good.

Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,

And whether he's slow or spry,

It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,

But only how did you die?

EDMUND V. COOKE.

THE RULES OF ETHICS OF BROWN UNIVERSITY.

Remarks may be made that the language of this book does not tally with that of a stripped, bleeding victim on the Jericho road. St. Paul does, however, assert:

We are pursued, yet not forsaken; smitten down, yet not destroyed; death working in us, but life in you.

Having in vain endeavored to get this *concio ad clerum* printed in a plant connected with the Synod, and having received the reply from a prominent pastor of the Synod that I ought not print this book, as it would do me no good, I am bound, however, to also consider the words of the apostle, that Christ died for all, that they which live should no longer live unto themselves, but unto Him who for their sakes died and rose again.

Thus, notwithstanding that, for instance, from a pastor's home emanates the advice to not mind the claims of my creditors, or that of bleeding victims on the Jericho road, I cannot be unscrupulous enough to evade appealing in behalf of those who in several instances during the past nine years have assisted with funds, enabling me to provide my family with nurses, housemaids, doctors, etc., thereby also keeping the ministerial blacklisters and bosses from making it appear that my wife's contingent death should have been caused, not through their fiendish demeanor, but merely through neglect on my part. It is against the moral law to forget those of my creditors, who, during the past nine years or more, have unsuspectingly advanced funds to assist in defraying moving expenses from place to place, while, in order to avoid envious blacklisters' accusations that I have troubles and difficulties, I lost heavily when selling, disposing and col-

lecting on household goods, previous and after each removal. No conscientious person will blame me for making an appeal for those who also have advanced funds for fuel, food, clothing, etc., not only on the strength of statements made in the past by conscientious brethren that with my income it is impossible to avoid sinking in debt, but also later on, on the strength of the decision carried by the Synod a couple of years ago, that each pastor pay me \$2; and that, as a matter of course, a more complete redress will follow as soon as the whole body of ministers begin to consider that the about \$1,200 thus promised in 1907 was not to assist me for being unfortunate enough to have a sick wife, etc., but because the inhumanities of the bosses and blacklisters was causing such sickness, etc. These, my noble creditors, ought to be exempted from any losses for having sided with me in believing in the brotherhood of man, and especially of ministers. They are not brought up under such a régime, that the weak should follow "the example of Christ" and meekly submit to the oppressor, etc. Their rules of ethics are, on the contrary, those of Doctor Wayland of Brown University:

Hence we see the error of those who suppose that any company of men who choose to organize a society for themselves, and who even may settle in the wilderness for this purpose, have a right to organize it upon such principles as they please. They have no right to form a society in violation of the social laws of man. God evidently intended that man should live in society, and of this right he cannot be deprived unless he violates some social law. His opinions and practices may differ from ours; but if he commits no injury, his rights to the privileges of his social nature remain intact. It is not enough for us to say, if he does not agree with us, let him form some other society for himself. He has a right to *this* society, and as long as he interferes with the rights of no one, he is as free of this society as any other man.

PLEADING THE RIGHTS OF CREDITORS AND OBSCURE MARTYRS.

Furthermore, it would be an easy matter to compile a most convincing volume on the ministerial bosses' and blacklisters' relation to their own congregations, while they claim that it is impossible for them to recommend me to a place, on such empty excuse that I seem to have troubles wherever I have been. It would be easy to prove that such statements are merely voicing the envy, etc., occasioned by my comparatively larger success, attendance at services, etc., making them afraid that I would eclipse them if they would grant me the same moral and financial support, the same chances and opportunities they have, for instance, by preaching in some center of a large Swedish population, where, on account of tradition, customs, etc., these

bosses are harvesting a large revenue, in spite of their unpopularity among the general people; which unpopularity, when reaching a certain limit, compels them "to pray God for another call" to some other large center, which call is soon forthcoming, as the bosses or blacklisters occupying such places are often too glad for an opportunity to exchange and to keep matters rotating.

It would not be hard to understand that if such things be permitted to go on uninterruptedly, there soon would be only one species of natural disposition fit for the ministry, *i. e.*, "the foxy species;" an expression taken right from the people and which also renders an inkling of why my milkman recently told me that he never doubted that I am in the right. I have told this honest farmer that in June I will no doubt be able to bring this contest to a culmination point, and that I will soon be at liberty to defray all my daily expenses, but that it would not be fair, neither to him nor the other creditors, to not keep on and finish up with a complete final appeal, in behalf of the creditors from previous years. In this, he fully agreed with me, and expressed his preference in furnishing my home with milk on credit so as to assist and relieve me as much as possible in my Herculean labors to keep things going, while I have to serve as my own "lawyer," and friend of "the martyrs at the stake," *i. e.*,

For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance.

Though my creditors know that he who was able at first to violate right has commonly the power to violate it again, and to resist with effect the claims of the injured party, still they are unable to understand how a whole body of teachers in morals and religion can get away from the fact that, for instance in 1906, when the bosses deprived me of all allowance from the Conference treasury, though to unbiased minds my record in Concord was excellent, Rev. Peterson of Proctor, Vt., at hearing of such decision, is reported to have exclaimed, "What a shameful act!"—he having been absent when such decision was pushed through at one of the sessions of the Conference, this same pastor having also, as my successor in New Sweden, Me., 1902, testified that I had done a good work also at that place.

It is also hard to understand how a whole body of ministers are able to evade such facts related in my circular, "A Battle for Life," that, not only with reference to my two first years as ordained minister, when in 1902 I left my charge at Antrim, Pa., the president of the New York Conference, Nelsenius, awarded me a most laudatory letter of commendation to the Minnesota Conference; but when in 1899

I returned to the former Conference, I was accompanied by the following tribute:

VASA, MINN., September 29, 1899.

*To the Hon. President of the New York Conference, Rev. L. P. Ahlquist,
Portland, Conn.:*

Grace and Peace!

Pastor C. J. A. Holmgren, who during the past years has been in charge of the pastorate Walnut Grove, Lime Lake, Bethania, Lund and Herlunda, and now on the strength of a call from the Swed. Ev. Luth. congregation at Newport, R. I., moves to the New York Conference, is awarded the testimony, that he has been trustworthy in his dealings, faithful in his calling, and untiring in his labors on the extensive field which has been entrusted to him, wherefore he comes most highly recommended.

Respectfully,

J. FREMLING,

The President of the Minnesota Conference.

“HONEY FOR THE BITTEREST CUP.”

My creditors know full well that notwithstanding the slurs that are thrown at me for supposed non-support of my family, it can be evinced that up to this very moment I have worked harder than the majority of men, but that, though in love for humanity years ago I sacrificed a most lucrative calling and began serving mankind in a work, concerning which the grand old man Gladstone asserts that his only hope for the world is bringing the human mind in contact with divine revelation, nevertheless, through the envy and malice of “teachers in morals and religion,” I am cleaned out worse than if a fire or earthquake had been experienced, my case being as different as chalk from cheese, when compared to what was recently related in the papers concerning a fire at Hoffman, Minn., that one of our Augustana pastors, Rev. Vallquist, lost two pianos, two organs, \$240 in cash, a library worth \$3,000.

The thing that has somewhat troubled my mind, however, is that, though we live in a land of plenty, people are so shy of a man with a grievance, unless it results from an earthquake or fire, that cruel blacklisters are boasting that my case is hopeless, the Synod’s official organ being bolted to my expostulations, while the anathemas of the oppressors have free access to its “sacred” columns. But then, the presence of my creditors and the groans from the many victims on this old historic Jericho road makes me stick to the truth:

Then take this honey for the bitterest cup;
 There is no failure, save in giving up.
 No real fall, so long as one still tries,
 For seeming set-backs make the strong man wise,
 There's no defeat in truth save from within;
 Unless you're beaten there, you're bound to win.

Yes, I am bound to win, not only in behalf of my creditors, but also in behalf of many a bleeding victim on the Jericho road. Though, of course, the credit for it be denied me, still there are unmistakable signs as to that my labors, both through articles in the press and, later on, through private circulars, are bearing fruit. Nay, I should not wonder if, by this time, Fogelstrom's condition is improved, and that changes are made in the leadership of Conferences, etc. Yea, strong articles are now visible to promote order in the existing chaos. Especially one of the articles just out in our denominational press causes me great rejoicing. It reads as follows:

The well-liked brother, Rev. F. E. Sard, of Sioux Falls, S. D., is to move from this, the S. E. Dakota District. We are dissatisfied and grieved over it, as Pastor Sard is so well needed in our district. We all have found him to be a true and upright friend and brother, and a zealous, faithful and persistent worker, who has done a good work, and this in spite of lots of enmity, as it seems, mostly on account of some existing misunderstanding, but, deplorably also perhaps not so little, owing to spite and malice. It is, however, rejoicing that Rev. Sard has declared himself willing to leave the vengeance to Him that judgeth righteously, as, when it matters personal interests, it certainly is better to suffer silently. But we ask, filled with grief and concern: How long are we to find men willing to go out as laborers in the harvest, when, through the malice or ignorance of enemies, such laborers are again and again placed in an exceedingly disadvantageous position? Is it advisable to permit such to exist untrammelled? The writer asks, because several times he has seen the damaging results from such things. At any rate, we speak highly of the faithful work performed by our esteemed Pastor Sard. Our sincere wish is that God's blessings may follow him in the charge to which he is now moving.

Thank you, Brother Bring, for this article. That sounds different to the panegyric printed in our denominational paper some years ago, when Rev. J. Franzén, a former Sioux Falls pastor, had died, the panegyric reading, "that he moved so often because he had such a fidgety mind," when in fact, in one of the places he served, we know that he had to ride in a buggy about 2,000 miles a year, while he suffered excruciating pains on account of an ailment, rendering such traveling almost impossible. And as, while in Sioux Falls, he had to travel quite extensively even there, it would be proper to conclude to the real reasons for his removal from South Dakota also.

MRS. FRANCES WILLARD'S ASSERTION.

As to the statement that Rev. Sard has declared himself willing to leave "the vengeance to God," I do not believe that neither he nor any other rightminded bleeding victim on the Jericho road has any feelings of vengeance in the sense this word is generally used. Nay, rather let us pray and labor that God may speed the day when patriotic citizens will see the urgent need of a sober-mindedness producing literary tribunal, so that, through such an independent press, the workers, the helpers, be granted the protection of society to keep the coarse-grained and ill-natured under the surveillance of the printing press, so that, when God's spirit forsakes them, their evil inclinations be cowed by the argus-eyes of the public. As the success of mankind depends upon knowledge, freedom and goodness, the value of such protection to the helpers cannot be overestimated.

If, for instance, the coarse-grained, the blacklisters, of the Augustana Synod, had known that a man already privately, as Jesus, condemned "to death" as a criminal should assume command of the printing press, to call the placé which they had arranged and managed a "den of robbers," they would not have dared to go so far as they actually have. Therefore, it seems to me that there is no other means to cow the brute in man than the scare for the printers' ink, as a whip of Christ.

For my own part, while in behalf of my creditors and of the stripped sufferers on the Jericho road, my labors are not in vain, I know that this book "will do me personally no good," especially as I have before me the fact that the cleansing of the temple by Jesus did not "do him personally any good," his enemies only becoming more confirmed in their determination to get rid of a man whom they both hated and feared.

Still, I cannot get away from the influence and truth of the assertion made by one of America's noblest women, Mrs. Frances Willard:

The sooner we learn that this is true (that men are brethren, whether they will or not), the sooner we clasp hands in concerted purpose and endeavor to enact brotherhood on earth, the more shall we be made in the image of man, rather than to show forth the lineaments of serpents and of beasts; for the hiss of the serpent and the teeth of the hyena are not more savage, relentless and cruel than those laws and customs by which the greater number are steadily ground under the heel of the lesser, and a human being becomes the cheapest thing on earth, the least desired, and the worst cared for.

THE SAMARITAN.

As to this work of clasping hands in concerted efforts to enact brotherhood on earth, I proffer up thanks to God for the cheer extended from Concord friends of different churches and organizations, who, especially two years ago, manifested a great activity to "temporarily" assist, in compliance with the admonition in Leviticus 19:34:

The stranger that sojourneth with you shall be unto you as the home-born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself.

And as to the saloon or brewery, the good Samaritan mentioned previously, when expressing my sincere gratitude to them, I beg leave to use the following words from "The Prince of Peace":

Finally came a Samaritan. You and I know how they looked upon the Jews, and how the Jews regarded them. Nevertheless, this Samaritan felt his heart go out in pity for the stranger and did for him everything possible, binding up his wounds, lifting him to his own animal to ride, while he himself walked beside him to a hotel. Nor did his kindness stop there. When obliged to leave the stranger he put him in the care of the host, paid his bill in advance, and begged that he might receive all attention, promising to pay whatever it cost.

"Which," said Jesus to the questioner, "was neighbor to that man?" Of course you know how he was answered. And the final reply of Jesus is one worthy of thought, not only by the man to whom it was spoken, but by all who would be learners of Jesus. "Go and do likewise!"

I suppose it was really very hard for the Jewish doctor of the law to admit that a Samaritan, whom he despised, was, in the sense which the law meant, his neighbor, and as such was to be treated as well as he would treat himself under like circumstances. Do you notice that he did not use the hated word "Samaritan" in answering Jesus? "He that showed mercy on him" is the somewhat awkward way in which he manages to avoid the word, while admitting the fact.

As every man is so created as instinctively to commit to the community of his fellowmen the protection of his rights and the redress of his wrongs; and his fellowmen, on the other hand, instinctively assume this authority, nay, feel guilty if they do not exert it; and as yielding to injustice forms a precedent for wrong which may work the most extensive mischief to those who shall come after us, it is manifest that I consider every citizen under moral obligation to contribute his proportion even to these my efforts to render certain of our fellow-citizens wiser and better. These truths are not only stated in the ethics of the president of Brown University, but written in our conscience as human beings. There can be no doubt that by assisting me in this, Doctor Wayland's assertion will be fulfilled:

That from every such successful effort in rendering assistance, every citizen receives material benefit, both in person and estate; and that one, therefore, ought to be willing to assist others in doing that from which he himself derives important advantage.

Furthermore, as to my conduct, this president also rightly claims that yielding to injustice forms a precedent for wrong, which may work the most extensive mischief to those who shall come after us. It is manifest, therefore, that passive obedience cannot be the rule of civil conduct.

In this book, "Moral Science," we also read:

The citizen is under obligation as a constituent member of society. Hence he is bound:

1. To use all necessary exertion to secure to every individual, from the highest and most powerful to the lowest and most defenseless, the full benefit of perfect protection in the enjoyment of his rights.

2. To use all necessary exertion to procure for every individual just and adequate redress for wrong.

He who stands by and sees a mob tear down a house is a partaker of the guilt. And if society knowingly neglects to protect the individual in the enjoyment of his rights, every member of that society is in equity bound, in his proportion, to make good that loss. Every man has been created a constituent member of society, every man has a right to it; and as long as he violates no rights he is entitled to all the privileges of the social state. He may be a foreigner, alone and friendless, yet society covers all his rights as a *man* under the shield of her protection. . . . Man is in need of this protection all his life. This protection which others afford him he is under obligations to unite in affording others.

This relation of the individual to society is the foundation of some of the most interesting affections in our nature. As society is thus the source of innumerable blessings, we look up to it with gratitude, veneration and love. It is to us a sort of parent, to whom we owe a vast debt of filial obedience. Thus is formed the affection of patriotism, or love of country, one of the most ennobling virtues that can adorn our character. It is thus that we joyfully suffer the loss of all things, even life itself, for our native land; and the sentiment has for twenty centuries thrilled the hearts of thousands, *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*. This particular form of love of society gives us victory over the love of self, and raises us to the dignity not only of intelligent, but of social and moral beings.

LEVIATHAN, JOB 40 AND 41.

In this connection, we may also finally remind you of the introduction of my large circular, "A Battle for Life," October 31, 1906, which introduction was called "The Intimations of Providence," and reads as follows:

Ascension Day, 1902, while on my journey from New Sweden, Me., to Concord, N. H., Mrs. Holmgren, ever like Joseph, "the dreamer," endowed with a most acute faculty of discernment as to the influences from on high, dreamt that as from the city-side she opened the door to the waiting-room of the railroad station at Concord (where she never had been before) she saw the king of all the beasts, a stony-hearted crocodile, the Leviathan of Job 41, with his jaws wide open.

"Oh, dear, look, papa! He'll swallow us!" she exclaims, while embracing her children. From behind, and with an assuring "No danger!" I grabbed the beast by one of its jaws, while Mrs. Holmgren cries: "Take care! He bites you!" (Who can open the doors of his face? Round about his teeth is terror. Job 40: 14.) But with a firm hold ~~on the other, with innumerable teeth glistening,~~ and with a strong jerk, I rent his jaws asunder. At the crashing sound, and with folded hands, Mrs. Holmgren exclaims, with uplifted eyes, "Thanks, good God!"

In Isaiah 27, which chapter treats of the enemies of the church, is prophesied that "Leviathan, the swift serpent, and Leviathan, the crooked serpent, and the dragon in the sea shall be punished and slain." Thus, though I smiled at first at my wife's dream, I nevertheless began to think that perchance here in Concord the enemies of the church will get a neck within reach, so that the swift as well as the crooked followers of the dragon may really be expedited.

Equally as wondrous were the ways of providence, that I was to hold my entrance in the Concord parish on the 6th Sunday after Easter, when from the altar I had to first read St. John 16:23-23:

"They shall put you out of the synagogues; yea, the hour cometh that whosoever killeth you shall think that he offereth service unto God."

This text alluded to what I just had experienced at New Sweden, Me. Next in order, the church-book required me to preach on St. Luke 12: 4-12, auguring the future in store, as, following close upon the admonition to beware of the leaven of Pharisees, in this text Christ admonishes:

"Be not afraid of them which kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do," and in the last verse:

"When they bring you before the synagogue, and the rulers and the authorities, be not anxious how or what ye shall say, for the Holy Spirit shall teach you in that very hour what ye ought to say." Christ evidently in these words referring to the circumstance that his disciples, as conscientious and benevolent beings, would be best served by a searching, judicious inquiry.

With Leviathan in the waiting-room of the railroad station, and with the prescribed texts for my inaugural sermon, the premonitions of providence were intelligible enough as to the future in store here in Concord, where, succeeding the period of the multitude's flower-strewing at my feet, their attention should be drawn to my exposed and harborless condition to the merely for a short while tranquilized passions, which, after the first days of exultation, and under the clamors or incentives of earthly interests, vain glory and avarice, would again become agitated and ablaze.

So many heads, so many minds, may of course for a while become concordant under the discretion of the most predominant, yet, in the pitch and

toss and lottery of life, other interests will soon run riot and burst into flames, and (Job 40: 14, 20), "Round about the teeth of Leviathan terror begins to be visible, and out of his nostrils a smoke goeth, as of a seething pot."

For years having given up my life-blood, and being made to despair under the blacklisters' captious fault-finding, which also brought the Saviour on the Cross; and as to the threats made against my life, I know that when right is to prevail and win, which it always will in the long run, it is met by the powers of oppression and tyranny; and that without sacrifices and sufferings the true brotherhood of man, and even his rights to work for his living, cannot be established.

To make the coarse-grained natures shudder at their hardness of heart it seems to be necessary that they should exceed the limit of common decency, or, to use the expression of the, on that account much criticised Rev. Forslund, who said, while laboring in the New York Conference, that certain pastors "ought to learn in hell the care of souls."

At any rate, what sane man would not rather be a sheep torn by the wolf than the wolf tearing it? Abel, the lamb, in his death throes, is happier than Cain, the wolf, in his hellish blood-sucking. And, siding with Rev. Fogelstrom, it is better to be wronged than to commit the wrong; or, as the Bible puts it:

For whether we live, we live unto the Lord: whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.

At the recent Methodist Episcopal Conference here in Concord, it was emphasized the simple justice of making provision for those clergymen who are no longer fitted for active pastoral service. The man who has retired because of age has his annuity, but the younger man, who has not reached the age of retirement, should be given some protection in case misfortune befalls him. This aid should not take the form of charity, said the speaker, Dr. J. B. Hingeley. Rather it should be regarded as no more than payment for service.

He illustrated this point by the case of three young men, graduating from college at the same time, equal in ability and equipment. One, noting the rich rewards of success in mercantile pursuits, makes choice of a business career. The second, attracted by the evidences of success in professional walks of life, decides to prepare himself for one of the professions. The third, just as ambitious as his fellows, feels himself called upon to embark in the ministry and becomes a clergyman.

If that young man chooses to ally himself with the Methodist Church, it is only just to give him some assurance of a comfortable old age. The bishop tells him in the beginning that the church has little to offer, but that it will provide him with comfortable living as long as he lives. The church makes that promise to the young man as a small measure of return for the undoubted sacrifice he has made. That promise must be kept. Its redemption is no more than honor requires.

As the standard of ethics with the blacklisters of the Augustana Synod does not come up to that of these Methodists, and as the government of the Synod does not reflect the majority of the people, under the proposition that all men are created equal; and thus, its government being not of the people, by the people and for the people; and as therefore there is no guarantee afforded me that the tricks of our church politicians and ring-leaders will not prevail, as it seemed to have, even in the case of Fogelstrom, this Sanhedrim of officials, etc., being looked upon as a Holy of Holies, while a martyr, a witch, remains a witch, and, as in former centuries, the majority has to go hungry and barefoot that one king or prince might be arrayed in splendor—for such and similar reasons, not to mention that I run the risk of being shut up in some asylum, I consider it safest not to attend the Conference, but, as a mother lovingly provides for her children, though she may be on tomorrow to leave them forever, in behalf of my creditors, the destitute on the Jericho road, of mankind present and to come, by the aid of the printing press I will continue to appeal to the heart of each and every pastor of the Synod.

Believing with Horace Greeley that all true greatness is ripened and tempered and proved in lifelong struggle against vicious beliefs, traditions, practices, institutions, and that not to have been a reformer is not to have truly lived, I patiently resign to the decision of the whole body of ministers and not to a meeting of a conference, etc., where the puppet popes of an advisory board seem to have absolute sway, etc.

And while the blacklisters and their tools forget that God hates inhumanity, and that God's heart repents Him for those who seem to be utterly trampled under the foot and denied the right to live, I am personally always willing to be little, and, being honored with the title "T. F.," I cannot but close this volume with a verse from "The Fool's Prayer":

Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

SUPPLEMENT
TO
THE ROAD TO JERICHO.

Oratory may sway multitudes and
kings may rule—but all these are
trifling and pitifully small beside
the province of the open page.

Barlow.

Without the means to attend the Synod, convening at Red Wing, Minn., June 10, nothing else remains but abiding with the printed page, for which purpose I am supplied with funds.

If such my printed appeals does not suffice against the power of the blacklisters, nothing else would avail, as hereby everything can be impartially considered, free from the influence of applause or condemnation of an excited audience swayed by preconceived personal conviction.

As every pastor is thus furnished with a powerful impetus to bear upon the representatives convening at Red Wing, I shall understand that if the award and redress, I am entitled to, be denied me, it must be the unanimous wish of the ministry as a whole to see me in bankruptcy and refused a human and Christian treatment.

For the cause of Christ and in behalf of my creditors, I trust that the brethren are however taking to heart the words of Christ, "Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the sons of God."

COMPASSED ABOUT WITH A CLOUD OF SPECTATORS.

In *Augustana*, the official organ of the Synod, Rev. J. Torell, of Swedeburg, Neb., once related :

In my native home it was reported that one night two farmers killed a poor tenant's wife and gave her blood to one of their wives as a remedy and health restorative.

In the dark of the night they hunted up the innocent victim of their follies while she, unaware of any evil, reposed in bed with her husband and suckling.

They wrenched the child from her breast and coaxed and impelled the tenant to hold the light while they were cutting up and killing his wife, and secured her heart blood to constitute a drink for her former mistress.

Every week, as a small boy, I often walked by this shanty, and at every time I passed I was incensed against these murderers and this husband, who could be coaxed and frightened so as to hold the light, while the murderers performed their atrocious deed.

A few years later I became a private tutor in the family of that same farmer, and I then learned that his wife had not derived any benefit from having drunk her murdered ex-servant's heart blood.

Do not these extracts from that *Augustana* article verify the truth, that the blood of the martyrs never made fat their slayers; and also that though it has been a common occurrence both in Sweden and other

countries, that when a defenceless person is punched upon and abused, a ring of onlookers is formed, of whom even some are shouting: "Give it to him!"—still, such, either silent or boisterous, looking on, is unworthy of teachers in morals and religion?

This latter is here referred to as to many it would appear as if a ring had been formed around me and my blacklisters—a ring of both silent and boisterous spectators.

So, for instance, not only in *Augustana* of May 20, Rev. C. W. Andeer, who some years ago told me to go to work in some mill, states that certain officials of the New York Conference are splendid fellow brethren; but following upon the issue of my book, "The Road to Jericho," and its statements as to the cause of my debts, etc., the chief editor of *Augustana*, Dr. L. G. Abrahamson, calls the public's attention to the circumstance that Rev. C. J. Scheleen, of Manhattan, Kan., has a salary of only \$400 a year, but no parsonage; nevertheless, in the past, he has adopted two children, besides caring for and bringing up eleven other destitute children, etc.

But would it not been proper if Doctor Abrahamson also had referred to the fact that this pastor, who now is 68 years old, lives where it is comparatively easy to get along, besides enjoying the moral support of the ministry? Furthermore, there are quite a few of our pastors who have adopted orphan girls, thereby saving them the expenses of a hired girl, nurse, etc. More than that, many pastors are married to daughters of wealthy farmers, etc., not to mention numerous other items, rendering it possible and easy for them to get along even without any salary whatever.

As for many years, Doctor Abrahamson's income must have averaged, I should judge, \$3,000 a year, it is impossible to conceive that a man endowed with such large benevolence as he certainly is, even if his conscientiousness were not equally as large, when it matters natural endowments, could remain passive at seeing a brother laboring on such small salary, if he did not know there were certain circumstances that rendered it unnecessary for him to assist. I know how I myself and other brethren would feel under similar circumstances.

So, for instance, in 1902, soon after my arrival at Concord, Rev. J. W. Eckman, then at Lowell, Mass., visited my home and stated:

Brother Holmgren, you have too large a family to support on such a small place as Concord. As I am going to leave Lowell I will assist you to become acting pastor during the vacancy, thus affording you a splendid opportunity to become permanent pastor of that parish.

Rev. Eckman did not know at that time that Doctor Beck had promised this parish to Rev. Aslev; and thus, after the departure of Rev. Eckman, I only got the privilege of preaching at that place the two Doomsday Sundays of the church year, the last Sunday after Trinitatis and

the second Sunday in Advent, as referred to in my book, "The Road to Jericho."

Withal, I know how I would feel and act if I were in Doctor Abrahamson's position, and knew a brother to be in distress. So, for instance, in 1895, while I was pastor in Antrim, Pa., and Rev. C. J. Youngberg at the sister parish in Arnot, the latter wrote to me that, owing to the many removals, he could not sustain himself in Arnot if he would not get Antrim as an annex.

Though the Antrim congregation had just surprised me with a gift of over \$100, and had offered me the privilege of visiting Sweden and Europe to recuperate from the overwork I had taken upon me, Rev. Youngberg's letter of distress decided the question, and, instead of accepting the offer made by the good Antrim people, in the spring of 1895, I accepted the call to Minnesota where, owing to the constant traveling after my horses, I had a splendid opportunity to recuperate.

Furthermore, that Doctor Abrahamson's statement, that Rev. Scheleen is getting along on merely \$400 a year, cannot be applied to the majority of our pastors, is evident from, for instance, following letter extracts:

(See page 23 in "The Road to Jericho")

MARQUETTE, MICH., February 23, 1904.

BROTHER HOLMGREN, PEACE!

The Ishpeming District has through me asked the mission board of the Illinois Conference to renew the call for you to Scandia at a salary of \$1,000. As I understand, the board has offered you less than \$800 (\$700), which is very wrong. Here it is not so cheap to live as the fathers think. It costs a good deal more than in Illinois and the central states. I have had \$800 and parsonage here in Marquette, but it is the extra income or fees that have made it possible for me to maintain and not sink in debts.

Fraternally,

F. A. LINDER.

(Now President of the Illinois Conference.)

ASHTABULA, O., Sept. 14, 1903.

BROTHER HOLMGREN, CONCORD, N. H.

The Peace of God!

And then, your salary! Oh! How small it is; only \$50 a month! What are these among so many mouths as your family counts! There cannot but be a monthly balance. We, too, have had many hardships. This year, my wife has been sick for seven weeks, (while mine was in bed for eight months and another time nearly one year, etc.,) but our members of the congregation have been so kind to us that they have performed all the housework, nursed my wife, supplied us with food during all this time. Nevertheless, our salary is barely sufficient, though I have \$800 a year, parsonage and a great deal of extra income or fees; and we, my wife and I, think that we live very economical. . . .

F. SWENSON.

THE INTERDICT SANCTIONED.

May 8, 1909, following letter was received from the new president of the New York Conference:

Extracts from the minutes of the annual meeting of the New York Conference, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 21-27, 1909:

Upon the recommendation of the committee on this matter, it was carried that the suspension of Rev. C. J. A. Holmgren from the holy ministry is confirmed and shall continue in force until he has proven himself so penitent, and, besides, regained such stipulations than can entitle him to come in possession of it again.

Brooklyn, N. Y., and Naugatuck, Conn.

F. JACOBSON, E. A. ZETTERSTRAND,

Pres.

Secr.

First of all, it is ominous enough that the ring-leaders have reelected the same officials of the conference, with the sole exception of the president, Doctor Nelsenius, who, notwithstanding his weakness in not daring to stand up for the truth, nevertheless furnished me with weapons to protect myself, for which the God of charity will give him credit, as long as it is true, that love covereth a multitude of sins. That Nelsenius is no longer the president of the Conference may thus be caused by the fact that he has shown me certain tokens of sympathy and charity.

That my suspension is now openly confirmed at the Conference meeting can only dupe the uninitiated public, as, when it matters myself and family, we know that, years before the stake was publicly erected, I have been deprived of the moral and financial backing needed to fill my calling, and that only when in behalf of my creditors, etc., I was forced to inform the whole brotherhood that it was impossible for me to let the blacklisting puppet-popes smother me on the back-stairs, my "suspension" was finally made public, *i. e.*, at the front-door.

In the fall, 1907, the president of the Boston District of the New York Conference published the following appeal in *Augustana*:

Because of long-continued sickness in his family, misconceptions in his work, and without a place or charge for more than one year, Rev. C. J. A. Holmgren has been placed in very sorely pressed circumstances, the ministry of the *Augustana* Synod, at its convention at New Britain, Conn., June, 1907, made arrangements for a temporary relief to Pastor Holmgren.

The Ministry passed a resolution that each pastor contribute at the rate of \$2 each to succor the sorely afflicted brother and his family. Thus, every pastor is requested to contribute the sum of \$2 during this synodical year.

As the cold season is at hand, which means new vexations to the poor, and as Pastor Holmgren is in need of shelter, food and raiment, we ask all the brethren of the *Augustana* Synod to readily assist in keeping the wolf from the family's door. To facilitate the work, we ask every district to collect within their respective boundaries. The treasurers of each district may thereupon turn the money over to J. A. Bernhard, 328 Ferry St., Everett, Mass.

Respectfully,

J. A. BERNHARD.

Thrown in the cave of Despair at seeing this "degrading" publication, I at once wrote to the editor of *Augustana* at that time, Dr. S. P. A. Lindahl, who in his reply admitted that this was not the right way to bring me the needed succor.

As it is rightly claimed, that the reputation which a man has established

that he is capable and desirous of doing well, is frequently of more value than money; and that it may be destroyed by false and malicious slander, and as it becomes the community to come to his aid, and render such award as may establish him in his true standing and render it for the interest of the slanderer to leave the honor of his neighbor untarnished, there is no wonder that at reading the above article in *Augustana* my wife wept bitterly, comprehending how such public suppression of the real facts would debar me from all chances of securing calls to congregations and future promotion, people being afraid to extend a call to a man, depicted as a poor, unfortunate object of charity, pity, etc.

In those days, I had implored Doctor Norelius to assist me to the vacant chair of professorship in Christianity at our College at Rock Island, Ill., and Doctor Nelsenius had written to me that it would be well if for instance Reverend Bernhard, then at Quincy, Mass., would recommend me to Sheffield and Ludlow, Pa., from which places he had received a call; the pastor at Everett was however, commended to those parishes. Rev. John Johnson had told me that it is the duty of the brethren to get me a call to a large congregation, where I can support my family.

That there is a human and Christian way in which to bring me succor is indicated by the fact that, in 1901, the Providence district decided to ask the New York Conference to grant me \$150 to cover part of the moving expenses up to that date. Evidently, because they were afraid that slurs would be thrown at those who had induced me to go to Newport, I was told that in the opinion of the brethren it would be unwise of me to push the matter before the Conference.

In my sincere love for the brethren, I did not push it, at the same time believing the brethren to be in possession of the same loving heart, and that they would allow me to come to a charge at least as good as the one I had in Minnesota. Nay, there are plenty positions in the Synod, that would afford me a chance to even pay my present debts without making me an object of disgracing charity, but as award for faithful services.

But instead of thus establishing me in my true standing, the black-listers seem to be afraid that such tactics would not only leave my honor untarnished, but would give the public a hint that it is their cruelties that have caused the breakdown of my wife and the distress and misfortunes of myself and family.

In my love to my persecutors, who wanted to appear pure as lilies, I patiently resigned to their underhand schemes, as long as I saw that they were beginning to really look after the interests of my creditors. These artful dodges, however, must have aroused the suspicion of more than half of the ministers, as the money did not flow in as expected, and then, when in the summer of 1908, Reverend Bernhard wrote to one of my creditors, that as I had received a place in Gardner, no more money

would be forthcoming, then, when even my creditors' interests were alarmingly involved, there was nothing else left for me than to push my case before the whole body of the ministers. And then it was that the blacklisters made their *countrecoup*, suspending me at the front-door.

DIVERTING THE ATTENTION FROM THE QUESTION.

When publishing that this unchristian and inhuman "suspension" remains in force until I become penitent, etc., the puppet-popes and their committees are employing the same tactics to mislead the public as, for instance, Svea's correspondent made use of when I had lovingly implored the Concord leaders to take up the names of the respective members of the Concord congregation to investigate if there had been any just cause for publicly branding me as a liar when I stated that, during my ministry, the membership of the parish had almost doubled.

So, by publicly announcing that I must become penitent, the blacklisters have branded me as a malefactor, deserving to be unfrocked and deprived of my calling and belongings; such procedure certainly recalling to our minds the statement made by Lord Beaconsfield of England:

The forensic habit of diverting attention from the question to the man who propounds it seems now to be a monopoly of the clergy.

October 22, 1906, one of the friendly brethren, Rev. John Johnson, wrote to me:

Every one says that you are a good preacher, but that your moods and temperament are below par. You have a lovely wife and excellent children. It grieves me that your condition is such that you cannot care for them better.

Such deriding of my character recalls to my mind how, in Shakespeare's play, "King Lear," the king of Britain is an easy victim of his designing daughters, and is influenced by them to drive Cordelia, his third daughter, from his palace. Cordelia loves her father, as I do my brethren and even my blacklisters, but his mind is so warped that he will not believe it. We know how the play continues throughout a maze of deception and strife and war to its bitter end, where Lear, at last realizing too late the worth of his disinherited daughter, dies across her dead body.

By stating that I must become penitent, we are here again reminded of the old pretext of the lamb and the wolf by the brook. How could the lamb disturb the water for the wolf when the wolf stood higher up and above the lamb?

Doctor Williamson, of the Synod's College at Rock Island, Ill., told me that certain brethren or students refuse to treat me as a brother merely because of envy; and I may ask, how could Abel repent because Cain envied him? The more Abel loved his brother the more execrable he appeared to Cain. Nay, Christ appeared so abominable to his blacklisters

that they even claimed he was possessed by devils. And the more sympathy and love they find me being in possession of, the more hateful I seem to appear to the eyes of the blacklisters.

As, therefore, nothing else but envy can be the real leaven in all these troubles, by publishing that I must become penitent the blacklisters have securedly bolted the front-door as they formerly did the back-door after throwing me down the back-stairs.

When, for instance, the president of the Boston District writes me, while still on the back-stairs, that the reason why he and the brethren are unwilling to assist me to a good substantial parish is because I seem to have troubles wherever I have been, and when for such reasons in the past I have been deprived of the needed moral and financial backing, how can I become penitent, as long as no fair trial and investigation is granted me?

When these blacklisters have deprived me of a brother's hand, and stealthily suspended me at the back-door on the pretense that I am demented or of an unbalanced mind, how can I become a penitent, as long as they deny me a consistent medical examination a person suspected of being insane is entitled to? In short, one of the fundamental principles of law and justice lies in granting "the other party" a chance to be heard before judgment is pronounced, fair play being a jewel.

NO VISION OF SOCIAL JUSTICE.

More than two years ago, the president of the Synod, Doctor Norelius, wrote to me:

You ask, if "the stronger" is always in the right? "The stronger" is not in the right because of his might, but solely because of being in the truth.

Truly, in the religion of Jesus the poor are exalted if they are in the paths of righteousness.

This truth will also tell us, that even if the martyrs were slain by "the stronger," the slain were the real victors. And, to use the statement in the last number of the *American Magazine*, this same truth will tell us:

When an institution is young, it possesses abounding vitality, it has hope and faith. But when an institution (as for instance the *Augustana Synod*) grows old and fearful, begins to lose its confidential hold upon life, instinctively it seeks to replace its failing vigor with material proofs of its greatness and power. As the spirit dies, stone buildings rise up.

Then we discover both clergymen and lay workers in many cases devoting a very large part of their time, not to progressive religious work but to getting together huge sums of money which, as our endowment funds, put out at interest, will support the work of their churches. No longer able to command the enthusiastic allegiance and the willing offerings of the people (as I did here in Concord, taking in the poor and increasing the influx of money to our missions, schools, etc.), they resort to the ready alternative of interest-bearing stocks and bonds. The struggle for money, indeed, is often fierce enough. And a religion

which, according to Keir Hardie, demands 17 hours a day for organization and leaves nothing for a single honest thought about starving and despairing men, women and children, has no message for this age. Many of the rich are in the churches: nearly all of the poor are outside. The churches are still far more interested in having fine buildings, in being Baptists, or Presbyterians, or Lutherans, than they are in reaching the people. In certain instances they may help the poor child but give no thought to the causes which have made him poor. They have no vision of social justice; they have no message for the common people. They are afraid to face the world "without purse or scrip" (as I did when I lovingly placed myself at the disposal of the brethren of the New York Conference by leaving my flourishing charge in Minnesota, innocently believing that there is such a thing as a brotherhood of ministers): they have no faith. And without such vision how shall they reach the hearts of men? Of what purpose is their "passion for efficiency"?

"The world," says the Rev. Dr. Cochran, of Philadelphia, "will not be satisfied with our religious professions, until we attack the causes of poverty and disease with the same enthusiasm and persistency that we *palliate* the symptoms."

Until the Protestant churches have that vision which inspires men to a new sense of the brotherhood of humanity, which is the expression of the Fatherhood of God, they will never "get back to the people." They will never reach the poor, or foreigner, or the Jew, or the negro. Can the Protestant churches, divided among themselves, full of the pride of tradition, and rich in worldly possessions, ever rise to the situation?

COURAGE, A LOVE OF THE MORALLY BEAUTIFUL.

In compliance with the statement made by "the deacons" of the Concord "congregation," that it is absolutely necessary for the welfare of the congregation to get me removed, and that Rev. Aslev, of Lowell, may defer to render a more thoroughgoing account as to the real facts, I have kept away from this congregation as far as my pocketbook, etc., have allowed me.

In fact, not only my jaded wife but even I myself am afraid of having anything whatever to do with any congregation of the Synod, as long as I find that the blacklisting brethren are cutting the ground from under me. Even such men as Huss, Luther, etc., were granted safe conducts by their respective sovereigns, but, according to the averments made by Doctor Nelsenius, etc., I am without a friend at court.

Able to fill any position, and never yet having been in need of disgracing charity, but able and willing to work, and in possession of as high marks as any of the brethren as to ability and willingness to fill my calling as minister, my reputation that I am capable and desirous of doing well and the award needed to establish me in my true standing, and render it for the interest of the slanderers to leave my honor untarnished, must be granted me as safe conduct before it would be permissible for me to be at home and beat up my quarters within the Synod.

I cannot but think that the majority of the brethren will get courage enough to grant me such safe conduct. Is not courage a love of the morally beautiful more than life?

C. J. A. HOLMGREN.

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